

The Listener

and

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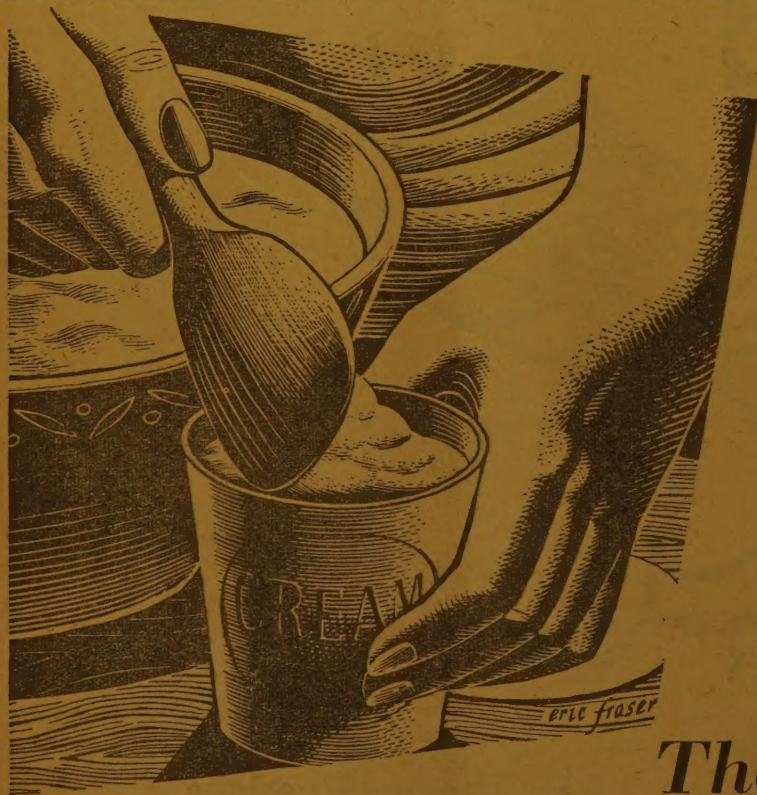
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AS A NEWSPAPER

We might take a well-known example to demonstrate that this is so, though the attitudes of the Labour politician and the Labour voter in our day might seem to prove it straightaway. Young Beatrice Potter was an assistant in Booth's survey, tall, wide-mouthed, intolerably able. She married Mr. Sidney Webb of the L.C.C. and the Fabian Society, and the two of them founded the London School of Economics, and *The New Statesman*. As Lord Passfield and Mrs. Sidney Webb—for Beatrice would have no part in Sidney's silly title—they visited Russia in the early nineteen-thirties; hence their final book *Soviet Communism, a new Civilization*. Irreducible poverty, the poverty of London in the eighteen-nineties and of all the English unemployed forty years later, had turned them from liberal socialism and the most successful movement of gradual reform that perhaps the world has ever seen, into prophets of communism.

In this final mood, and perhaps only then, they ceased to be typical of the English attitude. You may perhaps smile at the exact percentages in the figures I have quoted from Rowntree and Booth, you may scratch your heads at Rowntree's attempt at a scientific definition of something so slippery as poverty. You may doubt whether the case was proven even after Rowntree wrote, for the traditional picture of England in 1901, the first year of the golden Edwardian age, is altogether lighter than this.

What about the countryside, the county towns? What about the booming industrial areas which made the England of Edward VII more prosperous than it ever was until the time of Mr. Attlee? Under Labour rule in the late nineteen-forties our economy began to expand at something like the rate of early Victorian days. Seeborn Rowntree had thought of agricultural England: not for nothing is he celebrated as the codifier of English sociology, a discipline which flourished in his day and has only just begun to flourish once again. In 1901, as he pointed out, over three-quarters of the population of England lived in 'urban areas'. Moreover he was probably right to presume that the rural population lived rather below than above the standard of those in the towns.

In 1903 the little village of Ridgmont, just off the M1 and over the wall from the great park at Woburn, the seat of the Duke of Bedford, was investigated according to the principles of Booth and Rowntree. The Dukes of Bedford were doing very nicely in 1903, with income tax at elevenpence in the pound and death duties at a maximum of 8 per cent. Like most English aristocratic families they had urban as well as rural property, industrial and commercial wealth; the Fabian Society alleged that their Covent Garden property alone brought them in £15,000 a year. Ridgmont was being rebuilt by its ducal neighbour, and the fine, tall cottages, redbrick and monogrammed, may be seen to this day. Yet the investigator found that two-fifths of the inhabitants of the village were living in poverty. It has been hazarded as a guess that the distribution of incomes in Edwardian England was just about as unequal as it has ever been anywhere.

A Telling Contrast

To the historian of an earlier England it is a gross and telling contrast that the rural and agricultural part of English society was only a fifth of the whole by the year 1900. This makes it as different *in order* from anything which had ever gone before in England or in Europe. But it does much more than this, and much more to interest us as inhabitants of an even later England. By 1901 our country was as industrialized as ever any country has ever been. However we come to analyse social change in England in the twentieth century, which is to be our whole theme in these talks, we cannot analyse it as an industrial revolution.

This is a fact that needs the utmost emphasis. If we think of any other country in our world—Russia, shall we say, which is the supreme example of the country which has had a revolutionary experience in the twentieth century—or China, or India, even France, Germany, and the United States, in any country we can think of we shall find that social change has been connected with, partially or perhaps even wholly caused by, greater industrialization. In the United States in 1901 society was predominantly rural, and remained so until the age of Franklin D. Roosevelt; although in 1901 American steel production was already well over twice English steel production, and the American worker already produced twice as much in every hour of work. There was in America, then, a great deal of leeway to make up, so to speak, a large area of society still outside industry and the towns. It was so everywhere else except in England. English social experience since the death of Victoria is the only lengthy experience any country has ever had of really mature industrialization.

I am well aware that this point can be made to look a great deal more absolute and impressive than is justified. Industrialization, as we have been reminded in a recent broadcast talk by Mr. Donald MacRae*, is not a once-for-all process, and it is an English mistake to suppose that it is. Even in our country, which is sometimes thought of as falling behind in the race to re-industrialize with every new technique, the twentieth century has been a story of successive transformations. It would then be dangerous to use our experience prophetically, and even perhaps

to go so far as to hint that all industrial countries, once mature, will find themselves in a situation similar to ours since the turn of the century.

There are, I believe, certain respects in which this hint may be worth acting upon after all, but not for our present purpose. What is important to us now is that at the height of industrialization, after a century of leading the world in economic matters, when she was still undoubtedly the world's greatest political and military power, still in many ways the world's wealthiest power, England should have to recognize that a quarter of her population was living in poverty, in destitution.

An Investigation of 1695

To the Stuart historian, it may be remarked, this is rather less shocking than it may sound. Gregory King reckoned in 1695 that over a half of the kingdom was 'decreasing the wealth of the kingdom', dependent to varying degrees on the other, more prosperous, part, just as Booth's and Rowntree's paupers had to be. Economists and historians may start up at this comparison, because of course we have no means of knowing whether King's standards and those of his successors were in any way the same.

Unfortunately the same objection, that of a difference in standard, can be urged against the known facts about the subsequent history of hopeless poverty in the England of the twentieth century. The truly remarkable thing about Rowntree was that he lived long enough to satisfy himself by personal investigation that poverty of the hopeless sort had disappeared. In 1936 he examined York again, armed with much more sophisticated methods of survey, and impelled by the disaster of unemployment to expect rather less of a reduction of poverty than he hoped for. Things were even worse than he feared, for on his new and more realistic standard 31 per cent. of the working class of York were still in poverty, as against 43 per cent. in 1899, on the cruder standard he was then using.

But there were other differences between the two years. The biggest individual cause of poverty in 1901 had been plain insufficient wages, and no more telling indictment of industrialism could be imagined: but by far and away the greatest cause of poverty in York in 1936 was in fact unemployment. When he was eighty years old, Rowntree was able to publish his last, and it must be said his least satisfactory, survey of poverty in the city. Using a new poverty line he found in 1951 that only 3 per cent. of the population were in destitution, and that the main cause now was old age. From being a predominant feature of our social life, poverty, so Rowntree tended to think at the very last, had been reduced to insignificance.

We must notice that the abolition of poverty, if abolition it was, came about at first gradually over the years, but finally it went quite quickly, between the late nineteen-thirties and the late nineteen-forties, as part of the foundation and functioning of the welfare state. Within half a generation of that time, in spite of the warnings of Rowntree's successors as investigators of poverty in our country, we have now begun to think of the problem of industrial society, as a problem of affluence, of having too much—too much leisure, too many goods.

How We Differ from our Grandfathers

This is perhaps the most vivid of all the gross contrasts which I shall invite your attention to in this cursory glance at social change in twentieth-century England. Before I make my final remarks about the importance of the fact of poverty for our development since the year 1901, you may expect me to draw some gross contrasts, to give a more lively impression of how we differ from our grandfathers. In that year people in the upper class could expect to live for nearly sixty years, but those at the lowest level for only thirty. It was possible then to tell at sight whether anyone belonged to the upper classes or to the lower classes; bearing, dress and speech, size, attitude and manner were completely different. Some are still alive who remember seeing the Victorian agricultural labourer in his smock. School teachers then had an average of seventy children in every class. Only two-fifths of the population had the vote, and no women at all. Shop assistants worked an average of

eighty hours in every seven days, and many of them lived in dormitories above their work, compulsorily unmarried. So conscious was this earlier England of social class that the bathhouses of London displayed the following notice:

Baths for working people, 1d. cold and 2d. hot.
Baths for any higher classes, 3d. cold and 6d. hot.

Of course such a crude method as this cannot convey anything like an accurate impression of what I am trying to convey, and of course too the choice of poverty as a starting point for our survey has its grave disadvantages. It distorts our picture of the working people because it leaves out the prosperous workers. I may have given a wrong twist to the evidence. It was not those who were sunk in hopeless misery who founded and ran the trade unions, who organized the Labour Party. The submerged tenth, as they were sometimes and too hopefully called, were not the people who created and transmitted the traditional culture of the working men which interests our own generation.

We must never forget that a full half of the workers were above the poverty line at any one time, though we are at the great disadvantage of knowing almost nothing from first-hand evidence of how they lived. Poverty was on the consciences of our fathers and grandfathers and it was poverty which they described for us. The working-class family, said Rowntree, pursing up his lips, spent 6s. a week on beer, a whole sixth of their income—hence a very great deal of secondary poverty, poverty which the people could have avoided, poverty which less sympathetic people blamed them for. For 6s. you could get 36 pints of beer in 1901, and a working family in the clear can get a great deal of fun out of thirty-six pints of beer, as Mr. Alan Sillitoe knows.

Nevertheless as I have said the most important cause of poverty at the turn of the century was low wages. 'The wages paid for unskilled labour in York' Rowntree concluded, 'are insufficient to provide food, clothing and shelter adequate to maintain a family of moderate size in a state of bare physical efficiency'. Here, then, was the proletariat of Marxian theory. Here was the Marxian law of misery under capitalism demonstrated for all to see, if not increasing misery yet misery enough. And this in the most industrialized area of the world; in the only mature industrial society then known.

We shall have to ask ourselves urgently why it was that Edwardian and Georgian England did not therefore draw the correct Marxian inference, why there has been no violent social revolution in twentieth-century England. But I wish to end on a



A destitute family in the East End of London at the beginning of the century

rather different note. 'A labourer', Rowntree tells us, is in poverty and therefore underfed:

- (a) in childhood, when his constitution is being built up;
- (b) in his early and his middle life, when he should be in his prime, and
- (c) in old age.

The women are in poverty for the greater part of the time when they are bearing children'. This is how the life cycle of working people went. Few manual labourers in York in 1899 could have been without neighbours, friends, relatives struggling for subsistence. Infantile mortality was ninety-four per 1,000 births in the middle class, but no less than 247 among those in poverty. One baby in every six died in the working class generally. The small coffin on one of the family beds, or on the table, or under the table when the family had a meal: this was a sight every working man must have seen, every working woman have grieved for.

This discovery of the cyclic descent into the area of poverty is perhaps the most interesting sociological discovery which Rowntree ever made, and has too often been forgotten. It meant that everyone in the working class had at some time in his life had personal experience of people living below the poverty level, even if he himself had never been so unfortunate. It meant in fact that the fear of poverty, the insecurity which that fear brought with the resentment against the system, all these things went deep down into the character of the English working man. And this went on until 1939.

Those among us who now talk, and talk too easily, of the bourgeoisification—the horrid word they use—of the working class should take due note of this. Those too who look for a centre for the sense of community in the working class should note it too, the sense of community which is forever being stressed as the heart and soul of the Labour movement. This positive urge to remake the world in a way which would abolish poverty has its springs in a negative attitude, the fear which dominated the lives of grandfathers, fathers, uncles, aunts, and cousins. To call the prosperous working family of the nineteen-sixties bourgeois or middle class is a superficial historical misconception. It is



'Hunger marchers' (a contingent from Dundee) at Euston Station, London, in 1932

the working family of the nineteen-hundreds, of the nineteen-twenties, or the nineteen-thirties with the horror of poverty removed. 'Working classness' in the social development of England in the twentieth century has, therefore, an obvious justification in attitude, in instinctive response. Next week I want to pose this

question of the middle-class community of our mature, industrial English society: was there a solid middle class in early twentieth-century England?

Peter Laslett is Lecturer in History at Cambridge University. This talk, which he entitled 'English Society in 1901', is the first of three

The Search for World Order—IV

The Explosive Situation

By NORMAN GIBBS

Norman Gibbs is Chichele Professor of the History of War at Oxford University

ONE of the great dangers of our world is its search for complete solutions to important problems. Too often nowadays, for example, individuals and even governments think in terms of total war and total peace, as though these two activities of man, interconnected and continuous as they have always been, could be turned on and off like a light switch. In face of some modern weapons it is, of course, natural and desirable to think of 'outlawing' war. But we delude ourselves, and dangerously so, if we simply label war itself as 'bad' or 'wrong'; what is wrong is that men and women fail to settle their differences otherwise. Disagreements between individuals and between groups become the explosive situations which result in war simply because human beings so often will not accept any other method of settlement.

Authority and the Need for Force

Even in the best regulated communities the sanction of force is a vital component of keeping the peace. Sometimes authority is accepted only because police forces stand behind it. And when authority is flouted, then force is the normal method by which it is reasserted. Therefore, even if we could create a world authority and a generally accepted system of international law to replace the present array of sovereign nation states, we have no reason to suppose that that authority could operate successfully without organized force at its disposal.

Until our own time the normal sanction for the maintenance of international order has been the authority of the Great Powers, acting sometimes individually and sometimes in concert. Certain features stand out clearly in this particular method of regulating international affairs. The controlling element was the strength of the Great Powers; settlements could be enforced, even if only temporarily, because their armies and navies were available to back up agreements. Secondly, agreements so reached represented primarily the interests of the Great Powers themselves. Finally, when the Great Powers found it impossible to agree, then the normal result was war, simply because there was no international authority capable of controlling them.

The frequent failure of the concert of Great Powers has led to attempts along two other lines to take the explosive element out of international life, or at least to render it less potent. The first has been disarmament. The second, the building of an international organization designed to keep the peace by providing a forum for discussion, compromise, and agreement according to a set of rules agreed upon and accepted by all nations.

The history of disarmament in this century has so far been largely a history of negotiations between the Great Powers. The only effective agreed disarmament measures of the inter-war years were the naval treaties of Washington and London. These, in effect, set limits to the ships of war each Power might have. But only a handful of Powers signed those treaties. And when they failed to reach a further agreement in 1936 the whole process broke down.

Under United Nations aegis, disarmament commissions of one kind or another have been in operation since 1947. But the most important negotiations of this kind have, in fact, been going on

outside the immediate scope of the United Nations; they have been conducted among a few Great Powers seeking to reach agreement on their own. Chief among them has been the conference on a nuclear test ban at Geneva. This had been going on for nearly three years when it broke down last September; it has now just been resumed. Only three Powers have taken part—Russia, America, and Britain. Mr. Hammarskjöld almost certainly had this particular conference in mind when he introduced this year's United Nations report. These parallel disarmament negotiations, he said, '... may be justified on the basis that a very limited number of countries hold key positions in the field of armaments. ... Therefore', he went on, 'direct negotiations between those countries are an essential first step to the solution ... of the disarmament problem'.

It is important to remember that the Geneva test ban talks came to a deadlock last September on the problem of control, or more specifically over the Russian proposal for a *troika* method of control, giving each represented Power a right of veto. Sir Michael Wright, the leader of the United Kingdom delegation, had argued that, whether in nuclear or any other form of disarmament agreement, a country must have an assurance of effective inspection and control, an assurance not to be invalidated by any power of veto; this was the only way to ensure that obligations it had entered into were, in fact, being observed by other parties to the agreement. 'We cannot', he said, 'sign a blank cheque when an important aspect of our national security is involved'. In other words, the difficulty is not only to agree but also to devise acceptable methods and a machinery of enforcing agreements once made.

Before I leave the subject of disarmament there is one further point of importance. Some Western writers, and some people in Russia too, argue that the best way to minimize the explosive quality of the present arms race is somehow to develop a stable balance of terror or deterrence. This means developing nuclear weapons and delivery systems so strong and so varied that no surprise attack could knock out the power to retaliate.

'Sturdy Child of Terror'?

I can see some force in this argument. Effective deterrence depends to some extent on mutual conviction that the other man can and will do what he threatens if he is attacked. And it may be that this is, for the time being, the only practical way of curbing hasty action. But, in fact, attempting to produce stability in this way also means continuing the arms race. Because, as the power to retaliate increases, there is bound to be a corresponding search for improved weapons which will increase the element of surprise. In any case, inaction through fear, which is the basis of deterrence, is not a positive way to secure peace—at any rate in the long run. I feel bound to doubt whether safety, as Winston Churchill once claimed, can really become the 'sturdy child of terror'.

It is important to remember that neither the League of Nations nor, so far, the United Nations has contemplated the abolition of all armaments. The Covenant of the League spoke of: 'the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety and the enforcement by common action of international obligations'. The first article of the Charter of the United Nations charges the organization with the duty of sup-

pressing 'acts of aggression and other breaches of the peace', and Article 51 allows the organization to use force for this purpose. Indeed, right at the beginning a Military Staffs Committee was set up at United Nations headquarters and charged with the strategic direction of whatever military forces were to be made available to the Security Council.

In practice, however, the United Nations does not have any military force permanently at its disposal or any staff to plan operations in advance and direct them when they become necessary. Whatever operations the Organization has undertaken have been done on an entirely *ad hoc* and improvised basis. In fact, in 1958 Mr. Hammarskjöld himself argued against the creation of a permanent United Nations military force. One of the main reasons for this failure to develop a United Nations peace-keeping capacity in terms of military forces has undoubtedly been the opposition of some of the Great Powers. And it must be admitted that there is no prospect of the United Nations coercing the Great Powers into keeping the peace at present. But perhaps we can make a virtue of necessity here.

I have tried to suggest that international agreements, like any system of municipal law, demand a sanction of force if observance is normally to be guaranteed and non-observance controlled before it explodes into general disorder. In other words, legislative decision demands as its corollary some form of executive action. It was surely this which Mr. Hammarskjöld had in mind in presenting his last annual report as Secretary-General. Some people, he said, wanted the United Nations to work simply as a conference system producing reconciliation by discussion. Others—and clearly himself among them—looked upon the Organization 'primarily as a dynamic instrument of Governments through which they, jointly and for the same purpose, should seek such reconciliation but through which they should also try to develop forms of executive action undertaken on behalf of all members, aiming at forestalling conflicts and resolving them, once they have arisen, by appropriate diplomatic or political means'. The word 'military' was not used. But at that very moment the United Nations had in the Congo, and largely through Mr.

Hammarskjöld's efforts, a military force expressly designed to re-establish order and to prevent civil strife from exploding into general war.

It seems to me that any international organization designed to keep the peace must have the power not merely to talk but also to act. Indeed, I see this as the central theme of any progress towards an international community in which war is avoided not by chance but by design. Nor need our present limitations daunt us. This is a slow process in which experience grows into habit, and habit into trust. Many people have already suggested how this development could be encouraged. The United Nations could have a bigger permanent staff to act as observers and intelligence officers in potential trouble spots. Here would be part of the political basis of control. It could develop much more detailed methods in advance for drawing on national armed forces when police action becomes inevitable, even without possessing a big military establishment of its own. It could prepare training manuals for the police action its forces are likely to undertake, and for which the ordinary soldier is not normally trained. And it could begin to hold under its own control small specialist staffs, for example, multilingual signallers, and some small stocks of equipment, such as transport aircraft, which its operations almost inevitably demand.

The fact that coercion of the Great Powers is impossible does not invalidate any of these suggestions. If these Powers can, for the time being, avoid major war among themselves by nuclear deterrence, then the likeliest explosive situations will occur in areas not of vital interest to them. It is there that the United Nations can experiment and develop. Nor can a firm beginning be made otherwise. At present the United Nations organization, in the words of a recent writer, 'is not . . . the parliament and government of mankind but an institution of international diplomacy'. It can only hope to grow from the one into the other by admitting its present limitations and, more than that, by beginning to practise its own terms and conditions. If a start could be made now—and even if only in miniature—international government might finally emerge.—*General Overseas Service*

The Queen's Message to the Commonwealth

HER MAJESTY'S Christmas Day broadcast

EVERY year at this time the whole Christian world celebrates the birth of the founder of our faith. It is traditionally the time for family reunions, present-giving, and children's parties—a welcome escape, in fact, from the harsh realities of this troubled world; and it is just in times like these, times of tensions and anxieties, that the simple story and message of Christmas is most relevant.

The story is of a poor man and his wife who took refuge at night in a stable, where a child was born and laid in the manger. Nothing very spectacular, and yet the event was greeted with that triumphant song: 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men'. For that child was to show that there is nothing in heaven and earth that cannot be achieved by faith and by love and service to one's neighbour.

Christmas may be a Christian festival, but its message goes out to all men and it is echoed by all men of understanding and goodwill everywhere. During this last year I have been able to visit many countries; some were members of the Commonwealth and some were not. In all of them I was shown a genuine kindness and affection that touched me deeply and showed, I think, that the British people are looked upon as friends in many parts of the world. In Asia and in Africa we were made aware of the great volume of goodwill and friendship that exists between all the varied peoples who profess different faiths and who make up our

Commonwealth family. To them, their Christian brethren send a message of hope and encouragement this Christmas.

It goes also to the quiet people who fight prejudice by example, who stick to standards and ideals in face of persecution, who make real sacrifices in order to help and serve their neighbours. 'Oh hush the noise, ye men of strife, and hear the angels sing'. The words of this old carol mean even more today than when they were first written.

We can only dispel the clouds of anxiety by the patient and determined efforts of us all. It cannot be done by condemning the past or by contracting out of the present. Angry words and accusations certainly don't do any good, however justified they may be.

It is natural that the younger generation should lose patience with their elders, for their seeming failure to bring some order and security to the world. But things will not get any better if young people merely express themselves by indifference or by revulsion against what they regard as an out-of-date order of things. The world desperately needs their vigour, their determination, and their service to their fellow men. The opportunities are there and the reward is the satisfaction of truly unselfish work.

To both young and old I send my very best wishes and, as the carol says, may we all 'hear the angels sing' in the coming year.

A very happy Christmas to you all.

The Listener

What They Are Saying

The example of Goa

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A Grim Year Ends

MAN'S conquest of space—to use the simplifications of the newspaper headlines—which took place in the spring when a Russian 'astronaut' circled the upper atmosphere and landed again safely on the earth, ought to have held out illimitable promise for the future of mankind. The mind and spirit of man had recorded one of its mightiest triumphs: discovery, skill, and heroism had been blended in a unique achievement. Similar feats were to follow and an ultimate landing on some other planet in the universe was confidently predicted. Science too is making strides across the field of medicine: tuberculosis has ceased to be a menace; coronary thrombosis is no longer the fatal danger it once was. One day cancer and even the common cold may be vanquished. And yet who dare say, looking back on the record of 1961, that the world, civilized or uncivilized, is in a happy state?

The first thought of which one becomes aware is that the spirit of nationalism, deriving perhaps from the days of the French Revolution—the *levée en masse* stimulated by propagandists and demagogues—has never been more powerful, more dangerous, and, its critics can say, more virulent. The story of the emancipation of the Belgian Congo has spelt tragedy from start to finish: indeed it is not yet finished. Western Europe, maybe, has learned hesitantly and painfully the lessons of undiluted nationalism. Not all assent to the concept of European unification (especially as exemplified in the negotiations for British entry into the Common Market) but many people at least pay lip service to it, just as they have paid lip service for years to the concepts of the League of Nations and the United Nations as steps towards international unity and the solution of national disputes by peaceful means. But in Africa terrible hatreds persist; in Asia nationalist fanatics sound the tocsin; to the larger part of the populations of these vast continents the cries of *apartheid* or segregation seem no doubt like the last orders of the captain going down with his ship.

And in the forefront the guns still blaze. There is no peace; men die in wars; and on our television sets we watch again and again women and children with their pitiful parcels of possessions being thrust out or escaping from East Germany or Katanga, from Goa or North Africa. The Russians brandish their fifty-megaton bombs; the Americans send out their 'Polaris' submarines. The world can be blown to atoms in a fortnight. Her Majesty the Queen justly drew attention in her Christmas broadcast to the impatience or indifference that besets the young. No wonder some of them defy the law in nuclear disarmament protests; for indeed they have been born into a horrific world. If they ask themselves the question whether their elders in the affluent society are fiddling while Rome burns one can scarcely blame them. One can only pray that they are wrong and that the statesmen of the world are capable of grappling with their responsibilities so that 1962 will prove itself to be not merely another year of peril but one of hope.

INDIA'S FORCIBLE ANNEXATION of Goa found the world divided into two camps—'Western' countries, including the 'old-fashioned' neutrals, in the one, and the Communist bloc and almost all the Afro-Asian 'neutralist' states in the other. Moscow radio summed up for the second group when it justified India's action on the grounds that Portugal had consistently rejected a negotiated settlement and that her occupation of Goa was illegal and a relic of imperialism. 'Goa is very near to the Chinese People's Republic and the U.S.S.R.' The Soviet agency Tass declared that 'the death sentence passed on colonialism will be executed everywhere'. Comment on both sides linked the seizure of Goa with President Sukarno's warning to Indonesian troops to be ready to 'liberate' West New Guinea. Baghdad newspapers linked both events with Iraq's claims, *Ath-Thawrah* saying:

Just as Goa is an Indian district stripped by imperialism from the body of India, so Kuwait is an Iraqi district stripped by imperialism from the body of Iraq. Just as the Goan people were suffering from terrorism, misery and oppression at the hands of imperialism, so are our compatriots in the district of Kuwait suffering at the hands of the imperialists and their treacherous slaves... The only difference so far is that India has dealt its blow and spoken to imperialism in the language it understands. It only remains for the July hero [General Kassim] to deal his blow too, and this will not be difficult...

Afro-Asian comment critical of India came from Ceylon and Pakistan. Ceylon's *Observer* emphasized that Portugal had no right to be in Goa, but expressed concern at India's use of force. In Karachi the Muslim League newspaper *Dawn* said Pakistan should re-assess its defence forces and strengthen ties with Communist countries. It suggested withdrawal from the South-East Asia Treaty Organization, and added:

Let us fool ourselves no more that any power will eventually rush to our aid from across the oceans if we are in peril. An alliance nearer at home against a common enemy is far more logical.

Neutral comment in the West showed much disillusionment over India's action. *La Tribune de Genève* declared bitterly that Mr. Nehru's principles were merely 'for export'. In Zürich *Die Tat* thought 'the giant of India' had used violence against 'the minute Portuguese colonies' to bolster up its self-confidence. The *Sydney Sun* said:

What the world is seeing at the moment is a perfect example of what kind of nationalist a neutral can turn into when scratched. Nehru's soul 'shrank' from war with 650,000 Chinese, but not from tackling 650,000 Goanese.

On the long-term implications of India's action *The Washington Post* wrote:

Many countries of Africa and Asia will see Goa as a symbol of colonialism and events there will seem to them worth the price. What that price is, in the long unwinding of human history, may alter even their view. No man can foresee how many lives will be lost, how many wars fought by the sanction of this bad example, long after the last vestige of colonial rule has perished from the earth.

But in India itself the *New Delhi Statesman* had this to say:

These events, disagreeable as they are in some respects, may now or later precipitate others long overdue; the end of similar oppressive regimes in Portuguese territory elsewhere, perhaps even in that which could be called truly metropolitan.

The East German radio blamed the West Berlin Senate for preventing family reunions over Christmas in 'the capital of the German Democratic Republic'. Publicity was also given to an exhibition of 'dangerous' medicaments said to have been smuggled into Eastern Germany in 'gift parcels' from the West. They included pills which bring about miscarriages—hidden in cigarette packets—and antibiotics in marzipan. The East German authorities said they would show no leniency to those who deliberately took part in such 'unlawful acts'.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service
STANLEY MAYES

Did You Hear That?

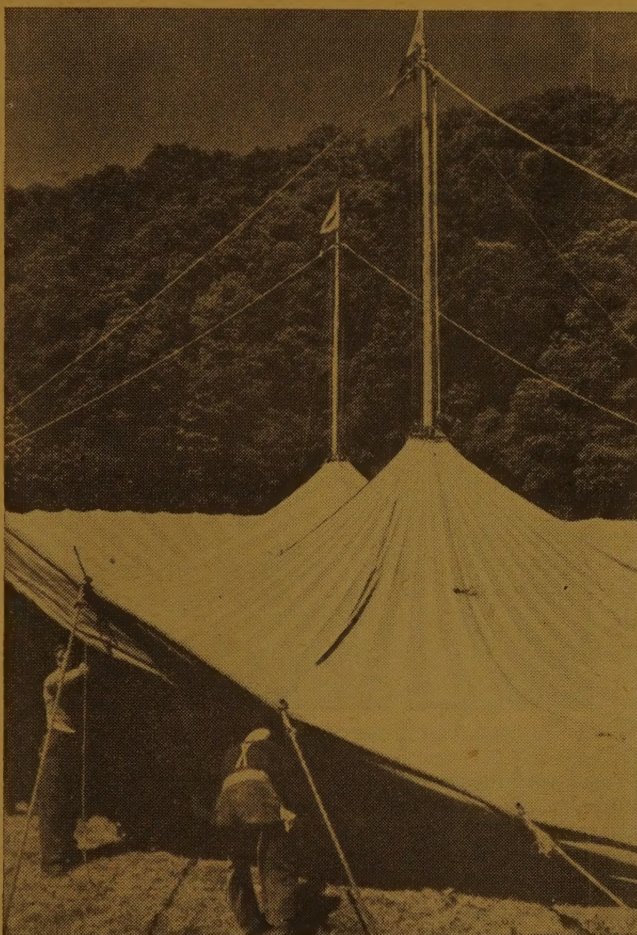
BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

'AT THIS TIME children all over the world will be reading the books they have been given for Christmas, or exchanging their book tokens'. EDWARD BLISHEN, in 'The World of Books' (Home Service) said he feels this concentration is a 'sad, bad thing'. He continued: 'Books should be bought for children, and they should buy them for themselves, regularly, throughout the year. A difficulty, of course, is that there is such a large number of children's books. It is easy for us to become baffled by the sheer quantity of them. That is why it is really a public service that has been done by Margery Fisher in her survey, *Intent upon Reading* (Brockhampton Press, 25s.), for in it she looks at the children's fiction produced during the past thirty years and, marvellously, manages to combine a most lively statement of general principles with a shrewd appraisal of the qualities of some hundreds of books from that enormous output.

'On general principles I find Mrs. Fisher extremely sound, and imaginative. She points out, for example—what may be obvious, but has important consequences—that children read intensely. I was reminded of this myself a short time ago when I discovered, in a second-hand bookshop, a copy of Hans Andersen's *Fairy Tales* that was similar to one I had had as a child. As I turned the pages, I found I knew every line in every illustration, and that I knew, moreover, whether certain favourite passages were on a left-hand page or a right. And because children do bring to their reading an extraordinary degree of concentration, because they take from it the deepest impressions, Mrs. Fisher says we cannot afford to regard the books children read, the books we choose for them, simply as toys or

so, and did it consistently, I think most of the rubbish would dwindle.

'Among the other points Mrs. Fisher makes there are two that drew from me silent "hurrahs!" based on my long experience as a school librarian. First, Mrs. Fisher points out that though some publishers give an indication on the dust jacket of the age-range for which they think a book is suitable, one ought to be rather sceptical and experimental about this. A book should not be painfully beyond the reach of a child, but probably the reach should be just a little exceeded, if one can manage it, because it is in this way that children are led on to maturer forms of reading. The second principle is that we ought not to assume that non-fiction is more important—graver, more testing—than fiction. Through fiction children have strengthened their imaginative grasp of life, of human feelings and relationships'.



'Every hand to the build-up of the Big Top', and (below) an acrobat paints his caravan while awaiting his call to go into the ring



merchandise: we have to think of them as a form of literature.

'There is a quotation in Mrs. Fisher's first chapter, from C. S. Lewis, that takes us another step: he was almost inclined, he said, "to set it up as a canon that a children's story which is enjoyed only by children is a bad children's book". This means probably that we should bring to the business of choosing a child's book much the same principles that we would bring to the selection of a book for ourselves. If we did

mates. Some of them were real characters. There was one fellow with long hair and earrings, moustachios, and gaily coloured clobber to go with them. Call him a gypsy and he would knock you down, despite his get-up. He comes of a good Staffordshire family and prefers the wandering life to a smug semi-detached house. He puts the circus poles up, eighty-five-foot monsters of tubular steel that hold the Big Top secure wherever it stands—a tough job and a responsible one. He is a man with a fund of stories as colourful as his dress, and at least half of them true. Take his wedding: fifteen years ago he telephoned his sweetheart and said if she would be there next day with the special licence money he would marry her. And she was, he says; and the lady in question says nothing as she busies herself with the washing up. I recall, too, the time he climbed the poles. A loose chain was rattling in a gale, and a sick person in a house nearby complained it kept her awake. He went up and tied it.

'At the other end of the scale were the circus nobility, people like the head clown and his wife. His ancestor was a French officer in Napoleon's army. Captured, brought to Britain and released, he started up a peepshow in market places with performing birds he trained in gaol. It was the greatest show in Britain in the year of 1851, and it was good to think his

SAWDUST SLAVES

'I often wish I were back on the road—when the hot air of the tube trains gets into my throat and the buildings get higher and higher and I can't see the sky any more', said KARL DALLAS in a talk in the Home Service. 'But if I want to cure myself of the old wanderlust, all I have to do is to go back and see my mates in the circus.

'In many ways the circus is a kind of drug. I gave it up quickly before it became an unbreakable addiction. Not that I am entirely cured. Every time I pass a sawmill the scent of sawdust makes my heart miss a beat. And if I am ever up at dawn again—which God forbid—I shall be thinking of all those Sunday mornings when it is every hand to the build-up of the Big Top, while the rest of the world has breakfast in bed.

'Of course I miss my circus

umpteenth grand-son-in-law is king of the comics here in 1961.

'Then, of course, there is the Guv'nor himself, the greatest character of them all, with his big cigar and weighing twenty stone. Turn a camera on him or introduce someone important, and it's like turning a switch: on goes the charm and the face lights up and he seems to expand physically until he fills the whole vast circus tent with his personality. What a man, they say, what a character. But they don't see the switch turn off, see the balloon deflate, revealing the tired old man beneath the jolly mask. Over fifty years he has been on the road, and most of them hard. They still are, despite the forty-foot luxury trailer with central heating and all "mod. con." He has earned a rest if anyone has. But last time I saw him we talked about his latest project—the biggest fun fair in the world, bigger than Coney Island or Disneyland. No, there is little rest for him, or his family, or any of the 300 addicts who catch on to his follow-me-leader coat tails every season. He is on the treadmill, round and round for the rest of his life, and so are they'.

A WOMAN ASTRONOMER

'Of all the women who have been housekeepers for famous brothers, none has a more amazing story than Caroline Herschel, sister of the eighteenth-century astronomer, Sir William Herschel', said JOHN BAILEY in a talk in the West of England Home Service. 'She had the distinction of having a minor planet named after her, herself discovered eight planets, and was awarded the Astronomical Society's gold medal. When her brother became an astronomer under Royal patronage, Caroline was appointed his assistant at £50 a year.'

'She was a tiny woman, and Frances Burney described her as "very little, very gentle, very modest, and very ingenuous". She was certainly modest, and never sought to take any credit for her contribution to her brother's achievements. "I did nothing for him that a trained puppy could not have done", she said; but that was a gross understatement.

'The Herschels came of poor parents in Hanover, where their father was a military bandsman. Caroline had scarcely any education, since her mother tried to hold her to household drudgery. But in 1772 William decided that she should keep house for him in Bath, and fetched her from Hanover. One can appreciate the loneliness and immense problems of this little German girl in a strange city in a strange country. To begin with she knew no English. In her diary she wrote: "One of the principal things required was to market, and about six weeks after coming to England I was sent among the fishwomen, butchers, and basket-women, and I brought back whatever in my fright I could pick up".

'William at once took her education in hand; and of her instruction in domestic duties Caroline wrote: "The first hours immediately after breakfast were spent in the kitchen, where Mrs. Bulman taught me to make all sorts of puddings and pies, besides many things in the confectionery business, pickling and preserving, etcetera, a knowledge for which it was not likely I should have occasion". Her brother himself taught her arithmetic, and to sing. She was also trained in the art of being a gentlewoman by a Bath dancing mistress. When that great beauty and toast of Bath, Elizabeth Linley, eloped with Sheridan, Caroline succeeded her as the chief singer at the Bath concerts, and had much success. Sometimes she was giving up to five performances a week in Bath and Bristol.

'She describes in her diary how her brother William and another brother, Alexander, who was also a musician, used to rush home from concerts to get on with making telescopes.

There was the night when they tried to make a thirty-five-foot mirror in the furnace set up in the basement of their Bath home. The furnace cracked, and molten metal ran over the stone floor, causing the flags to crack and blow up. Caroline wrote: "Both my brother and the caster were obliged to run out at opposite doors. The stone flooring flew about in all directions as high as the ceiling". Another time William worked for sixteen hours without stopping, polishing a mirror, and Caroline comments: "By way of keeping him alive I was even obliged to feed him by putting bits of food into his mouth".

'It was in 1781 in the garden of his home in King Street, Bath, that William, using a seven-foot telescope, discovered the planet Uranus, and so achieved world fame. Thereafter astronomy absorbed him and Caroline more and more. She sacrificed her career as a singer, and used to sit up night after night with him at the telescope, noting his observations. When he married, Caroline, who idolized him, found her circumstances very changed and saddened. But she took lodgings near him, and remained his loyal assistant. In fact, when skies cleared in the middle of the night, William would send a man with a lantern to fetch her.

'Late nights, indeed, being up all night, did not shorten the life of Caroline. William lived to be eighty-three, and after his death Caroline returned to Hanover. When she was eighty-one, her nephew, Sir John Herschel, wrote of her: "As the day advances she gains life and is quite fresh and funny at ten p.m., and sings old rhymes, nay, even dances, to the great delight of all who see her". When she was ninety-six she received the King of Prussia's gold medal for science, and on her ninety-seventh birthday she entertained the Crown Prince and Princess and sang them a

song brother William had composed. She died in her ninety-eighth year, and at her request a lock of William's hair was placed in her coffin'.



Caroline Herschel, 1750-1848

KEEN COLD BATHERS

'I belong to that redoubtable body of men who take a cold bath every morning', said DAVID SCOTT BLACKHALL in 'Woman's Hour' (Light Programme). I start at Easter and have occasionally lasted until the end of the year. With the last snowfall of winter slowly melting outside under the benign influence of an English spring morning, I draw a deep breath and step into my first cold bath of the year. An involuntary cry escapes my lips to take the winds of March with beauty and melt some of the snow on the bathroom window-sill. I am standing in the bath and all my past life is swimming before my eyes. I sit down, lie down, sit up, stand up, and step out. And out of the wash comes the bluest white!

'By the time August Bank Holiday comes, I am just beginning to enjoy it. I find that after a few frozen moments, if I lie perfectly still, I am conscious only of a feeling of warmth. I have two highly scientific theories to submit in explanation of this phenomenon. The first is that water is a poor conductor of heat and serves to insulate the body; the second is that I become so cold that all sensation is numb and void.

'One of the disappointing features of taking a cold bath is that you have nothing to show for it. Cold bathers, in this highly competitive era, have no alternative but slyly to introduce the topic of bathing into the conversation. I sometimes wonder whether any of us would take a cold bath if we were debarred from talking about it. As for more general recognition, keen cold bathers are at present debating whether or not they are entitled to add the letters K.C.B. after their names'.

David Hume as a Historian

By HUGH TREVOR-ROPER

Mr. Trevor-Roper is Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford University

DAVID HUME was the greatest of British philosophers. He was also an important figure in the development of the social sciences. We do not often think of him as a historian. Yet when he died, in 1776, he was better known as a historian than as a philosopher. He was the first, and for long the most famous, of the so-called 'philosophical historians' in Britain, of whom the second was William Robertson, now unjustly neglected, and the third Edward Gibbon. We now recognize Gibbon as by far the greatest; but Gibbon himself, all his life, bowed modestly before the other two. In his early days they were the models whom he aspired to imitate; when his first volume was published it was their praise which most delighted him; and even at the height of his fame it never occurred to him to challenge their supremacy. 'I have never presumed', he wrote, 'to accept a place in the triumvirate of British historians'. There can be no question of Gibbon's genuine humility in the presence of 'the calm philosophy, the careless inimitable beauties' of 'the Tacitus of Scotland', David Hume.

Historian by Accident

Yet Hume, unlike Gibbon, became a historian almost by accident. In 1752, after a great electoral battle which he has described in one of his most entertaining letters, he was elected Librarian of the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, and there, sitting among those 30,000 volumes, he suddenly saw his opportunity. 'You know', he wrote to a friend, 'that there is no post of honour in the English Parnassus more vacant than that of History. Style, judgment, impartiality—everything is wanting to our historians'; and so he decided to fill the vacant throne. He would write the history of England. No sooner had he decided than he set to work. Beginning at 1603, his pen moved briskly forward; and as he wrote he became entranced with the subject. 'The more I advance in my undertaking', he wrote, 'the more I am convinced that the History of England has never yet been written, not only for style, which is notorious to all the world, but also for matter; such is the ignorance and partiality of our historians. Rapin, whom I had an esteem for, is totally despicable . . . Rapin—a French Huguenot who had been taken up by Dutch William, lived in Germany, and wrote in French—was the fashionable historian of the time; he was the official historian of his triumphant patrons, the English Whigs.

For in the seventeen-fifties the whigs still had it all their own way. As Hume himself wrote, 'for a course of near seventy years, almost without interruption' they had 'enjoyed the whole authority of the government, and no honours nor offices could be obtained but by their countenance and protection'. This whig victory, he admitted, had been 'advantageous to the state'; but unfortunately the whigs had not been content with political triumph: they had 'assumed a right to impose upon the public their account of all particular transactions, and to represent the other party [*i.e.* the Tories] as governed entirely by the lowest and most vulgar prejudices'. In fact the whigs had established the doctrine that the English constitution, even before 1688, was 'a regular plan of liberty', and that the whigs, and they alone, had been the faithful champions of this constitution, the devoted idealists of liberty. Hume's researches in the Advocates' Library convinced him that this doctrine was 'ridiculous', and in his first volume, which was published in 1754 and covered the reigns of James I and Charles I, he offered what he considered a juster, more 'moderate' view.

Like all historians, Hume considered himself entirely impartial. 'I may be liable to the reproach of ignorance', he wrote, 'but I am certain of escaping that of partiality'. After all, why should

he be partial? He was a foreigner, a Scotsman, happily outside the factious party politics of England for which he always expressed the greatest contempt. He was also a social philosopher, with a new point of view: a point of view from which politics receded into the interstices left by social and economic laws. And in religion he was a sceptic—'that notorious infidel', as Johnson and Boswell called him—for whom religion too receded into its social context. For all these reasons he felt himself outside and above the stale and vulgar battles of whig and tory, Church and Dissent. He was a 'philosophic historian', and having written a philosophic history of the reigns of the first two Stuart kings, he sat back and awaited the applause.

It did not come. Instead, as he afterwards wrote in his brief autobiography:

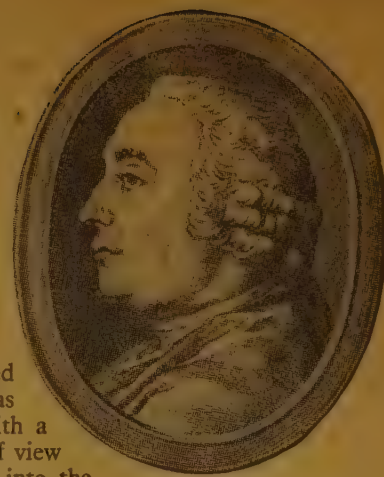
I was assailed by one cry of reproach, disapprobation and even detestation. English, Scotch and Irish, whig and tory, churchman and sectary, free-thinker and religionist, patriot and courtier united in their rage against the man who had presumed to shed a generous tear for the fate of Charles I and the earl of Strafford; and after the first ebullitions of their fury were over, what was still more mortifying, the book seemed to sink into oblivion . . . I scarcely indeed heard of one man in the three kingdoms considerable for rank or letters that could endure the book. I must only except the primate of England, Dr. Herring, and the primate of Ireland, Dr. Stone, which seem two odd exceptions. These dignified prelates separately sent me messages not to be discouraged.

In fact, says Hume, he was so discouraged that, but for the outbreak of war, he would have retired permanently to a provincial town in France, changed his name, 'and never more have returned to my native country'.

However, he persevered. In 1756 he published his next volume covering the period from 1649 to 1689. This volume, he says, 'happened to give less displeasure to the whigs and was better received. It not only rose itself, but helped to buoy up its unfortunate brother'. Then, instead of following his original plan and coming forward to his own time, where he now despaired of gaining access to the sources, he went back and wrote two more volumes covering the Tudor dynasty, and finally another two on medieval England. By 1761, exactly 200 years ago, his history was complete: a history of England from Julius Caesar to William III. But the most famous, most controversial part remained the first two volumes published: the volumes covering that permanent historical minefield, the seventeenth century.

An Intellectual Exercise

Of the controversy aroused by Hume's history I shall say something further. But first of all let me make a general point. Neither Hume nor any of the 'philosophical historians' of the eighteenth century wrote vivid history. They did not seek, as their successors after the Romantic movement did, to plunge back, bodily and mentally, into the past. Archaic language, local colour—these devices for bringing the reader himself into the scenes of history never occurred to them. They sat in Edinburgh, or London, or Lausanne and wrote about remote, unvisited countries and distant, disagreeable centuries in the cool style of the eighteenth century. The idea that they should become part of the past, wear its clothes, sink into its conventions, sympathize with its bigotries, would have shocked them. A rational man, living in 'the full light and freedom of the eighteenth century', might look back into the Dark Ages, but only an idiot or a monk would seek to plunge back into them. History, the philosophical



historians believed, was an intellectual exercise: it only required a modern mind, and could be best expressed in modern language: social analysis, not description of antique costume; elegant paraphrase, not quotation of bizarre texts . . . No doubt this makes them less vivid than their successors, but it has its advantages. Too many of those successors plunged back only into the clothes, not the mind, of the past: and today the judicious mind of the eighteenth century often seems more modern as well as more humane than the misplaced sympathies of the nineteenth. Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon are more modern than Motley or Freeman, more humane than Macaulay or Froude.

Apart from this general point, we must remember that Hume was not an Englishman, but a Scot. This was of great significance, because the coming of the Enlightenment, which he represented, was very different in Scotland and in England. In both countries, as in all Europe, the Enlightenment was largely the triumph of lay reason over clerical bigotry. But the bigots in the two countries were different. In England they were tory parsons; therefore the English Enlightenment wore 'whig' colours. In Scotland they were the ministers of the 'whiggamore' Kirk; therefore the Scottish Enlightenment was a tory movement. Hume's 'toryism' is an obvious result of this fact. He had himself had plenty of trouble from the bigots of the Kirk, and he could never accept the easy English orthodoxy that men who opposed the Stuarts, or were oppressed by them, were thereby necessarily friends of liberty or truth.

Firm Views about Scots

Perhaps I may illustrate these points by a few quotations. In the seventeenth century, during the Puritan Revolution, the Scots thought they would only be safe if they could force their own church system on the more advanced society of England; and they made a determined effort to do so. They demanded it in treaties, made it the condition of their support, and sent a pack of dogmatizing clergymen to London as propagandists. A modern historian would no doubt suspend his own judgment and quote the tedious sermons, thus giving temporal colour. Hume does neither. 'Never', he says firmly, 'did refined Athens so exult in diffusing the sciences and liberal arts over a savage world, never did generous Rome so please herself in the view of law and order established by her victorious arms, as the Scotch now rejoiced in communicating their barbarous zeal and theological fervour to the neighbouring nations'. And when he describes the London sermons of these missionaries, he is no less summary. Neither the preachers nor their enthusiastic audience obtain much sympathy:

Those who were so happy as to find access early in the morning kept their places the whole day. Those who were excluded clung to the doors or window, in the hope of catching at least some distant murmur or broken phrases of the holy rhetoric. All the eloquence of parliament, now well refined from pedantry, animated with the spirit of liberty, and employed in such important interests, was not attended to with such insatiable avidity as were these lectures, delivered with ridiculous cant and a provincial accent, full of barbarism and ignorance.

Later in the seventeenth century, just before the Glorious Revolution in England, the Marquis of Argyle tried to raise a whig revolt against the Stuart despotism in Scotland. To the English whig historians, this was a glorious blow for freedom, and Argyle (who was executed) a martyr in its cause. Hume will have none of this. He knew Scotland too well. 'It was in vain', he says, 'that Argyle summoned a nation so lost to all sense of liberty, so degraded by repeated iniquities, to rise in vindication of their violated laws and privileges. The greater part of those who declared for him were his own vassals: men who, if possible, were still more sunk in slavery than the rest of the nation'. All the politics of seventeenth-century Scotland seemed to Hume barbarous; the only great man whom Scotland then produced, he thought, was Napier of Merchistoun, the inventor of logarithms.

So far, we may say, Hume is indeed objective. Looking at the past without the customary whig blinkers, and with the new social spectacles, he saw that no party, political or religious, had a monopoly of political or intellectual virtue. Historical situations were created by objective social laws, and individual human beings interpreted or failed to interpret those laws. So, in each volume of his history, he wrote a short section on social history;

he periodically deduced or applied social formulae; and he treated historical characters not, like his whig predecessors (or even the greatest of his whig successors, Macaulay), as heroes or villains but as individuals to whom, within this general framework, it was easier to be just, because he sought not to take sides but to explain. He was, he thought, impartial. And indeed, in personal matters, he was impartial. His bias, if he had one, was in a different field, in the philosophy that lay behind his history and informed it throughout.

Attitude to Religion

For Hume was not only a social historian who, by his freedom from whig prejudices, redressed the balance of history: he was also, in his whole social outlook, a conservative. This is very clear when we consider his treatment of religion. Basically, Hume considered that all religious doctrines were equally untrue. This being so, different religions must be judged by their social usefulness. But how is social usefulness defined? It might be defined as social challenge. If Hume had been a radical, he might well have defined it thus, and then he would have excused incidental religious fanaticism when it clearly represented such a challenge. But in fact he defined it otherwise. For him, as for Gibbon, a good Church was one which does not trouble men with too much doctrine, which forwards or at least does not oppose art and letters, and which, preferably, is governed by laymen: in other words, an established Church which has accepted the society around it and become settled, civilized, and worldly. So we find him preferring the Renaissance Popes to the 'enraged and fanatical Reformers'. 'That delicious country where the Roman pontiff resides', he wrote, 'was the source of all modern art and refinement and diffused on its superstition an air of politeness which distinguishes it from the gross rusticity of other sects'. And in the seventeenth century we find him excusing 'the mild humane Charles' whose 'inoffensive liturgy'—i.e. the Anglican Prayer Book—was so unreasonably assailed by the philistine Scotch clergy. Of archbishop Laud, the architect of that fatal policy, Hume might admit that he showed, in his narrow-minded clericalism, 'the intemperate zeal of a sectary', but he adds, 'tis sufficient vindication to observe that his errors were the most excusable of all those which prevailed during that zealous period'. Words such as these can hardly have been welcome in Woburn or Chatsworth, far less in Galloway or Fife; but we can see why it was that the infidel philosopher was encouraged to persevere in his historical studies by the primates of the Established Church in England and Ireland.

Discoveries in French Archives

The publication, in 1761, of his last volume was not the end of Hume's *History*. Once excited by the subject, he never gave it up. In 1763 he was appointed secretary to the British Embassy in Paris. Because of his literary fame, all the doors of Paris were open to him, and they included the doors of hitherto closed historical archives. He found his way into the Archives of the French Foreign Office and discovered there the secret treaty of 1681 between Charles II and Louis XIV. He found his way into the Scots College and discovered 'a prodigious historical curiosity, the memoirs of King James II in fourteen volumes, all wrote with his own hand'. And having found the way, he opened it to others. In particular, he told a fellow-Scotsman, Sir John Dalrymple, where to find interesting material about the intrigues of the virtuous whigs with the exiled Jacobite court. This hint was soon to bear explosive fruit. In the seventeen-seventies, while Hume was quietly going through his *History* either softening or expunging (as he said) 'many villainous seditious whig strokes which had crept into it'—he made a hundred alterations to his first volume, he said, 'all invariably to the tory side'—Dalrymple convulsed the whig establishment by publishing the despatches of Paul Barillon, the French ambassador to Charles II: despatches which showed that the famous whig martyrs Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney were among the secret agents or pensioners of Louis XIV.

Dalrymple's discovery, greeted by hysterical screams from the whigs, set the seal on Hume's work. From now on Rapin was forgotten. If the whigs had dominated the last seventy years, the next seventy years were dominated by Hume. His *History*, in those

(concluded on page 1119)

A Town Lost and Found

PETER SALWAY on *CAMBORITVM*



The Little Ouse, near Hockwold, Norfolk

J. Allan Cash

Mr. Salway is a Fellow and Praelector of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge

THE vast fertile Fens of East Anglia as we know them today have been created by centuries of embanking and draining. Yet even now the system of cuts and sluices is not always enough to prevent disastrous floods. Acutely conscious of the dangers, the Great Ouse River Board is cutting a new main channel from the south-east corner of the Fens to Denver near the Wash. The threat which it poses to the ancient monuments that lie in its path creates an urgent problem for the archaeologist. The sites can rarely be saved, but they can yield vital information if they are scientifically excavated in time.

The Ministry of Works had been watching the line of the new channel as a matter of priority, and one day last spring they sent me news of something big at the Norfolk village of Hockwold - cum - Wilton. This lies on the northern edge of the broad valley of the Little Ouse, where the river emerges westwards into the Fens from the Norfolk uplands, close to where Norfolk meets the boundaries of Cambridge-

shire and Suffolk. Today it is a strange landscape with an end-of-the-world atmosphere reminiscent of Eliot's Little Gidding. But in Roman times it was anything but empty. This valley-mouth has produced a mass of Roman finds of unusual quality, including the splendid Mildenhall Treasure (a hoard of late-Roman silver plate) and the Wilton ceremonial crowns.

The Ministry's letter contained news of Roman pottery found west of Hockwold village at the foot of the chalk ridge which defines the valley; and with this news came an R.A.F. air photograph showing unmistakable traces of a very large Roman settlement, right in the line of the new channel. As soon as possible I had a look at the site myself from the air. It became obvious that the site was much bigger than anyone had suspected. We now know that it extends over something like 200 acres and is one of the largest in Britain.

From the east it is approached by a known Roman road. On the site I could see this was flanked by an elaborate system of streets; irregular in the centre but with all the grid-like pattern of a true Roman town at the outer ends. At this stage a chance



An aerial photograph of excavation trenches crossing the grid-system of Roman streets at *CAMBORITVM*, the gutters of which are revealed by dark crop marks

J. K. St. Joseph: copyright reserved

conversation with Aidan Macdonald, a Cambridge undergraduate, produced startling confirmation of my diagnosis. He had been puzzled by the listing of an unknown place called *CAMBORITVM* in the *Antonine Itinerary*, a Roman route-book of the early third century A.D. This book quoted distances of twenty-five miles from Cambridge and thirty-five from Venta Icenorum, the forerunner of Norwich. A couple of minutes with the Ordnance Survey *Map of Roman Britain* and a pair of compasses confirmed our diagnosis: the pencil arcs met on our site.

When the Ministry had originally written to me about the site I was already engaged in the Royal Geographical Society's project for mapping the vast Roman occupation of the Fens; so it was with some apprehension that I first considered the Ministry's news. Rescue excavation is the bane of British archaeology. Because it is haphazard, it is contrary to the basic principle that digging should be directed at solving specific problems, on sites chosen according to what Sir Mortimer Wheeler has called 'strategic planning'. The Roman Fens afford only too many of these problems: how and why did this Roman development happen (in places the settlements lie less than a mile apart)?

What was the economic, political, and social background? When did it all happen? And, most puzzling, why did it change so much within the Roman period? Intensive work by my colleagues Sylvia Hallam and John Bromwich have shown that there was a widespread movement of population within the Roman period towards larger settlements on higher ground, especially on the seaward siltlands. In the centuries immediately preceding the Roman conquest the region was almost uninhabited; and afterwards the miserable, ague-ridden condition of the Fens in Saxon and later times is too well known to need repetition. Here, therefore, we have some peculiarly fascinating problems in geology and archaeology.

In the midst of all this appeared the alarming problem of *CAMBORITVM*, with thirty or more acres threatened with destruction. I soon saw that it offered an unusual opportunity, and on this site for once salvage could be turned to the advantage of our campaign, for it seemed likely to help with answers to some of the basic questions. The Ministry's emergency funds are limited and there are many calls on them, so a sample area was chosen to test the site. Three acres at the eastern end of the town were selected, where one of the main branch roads left the highway and headed towards the river, flanked by a near-rectangular system of lesser streets. Here the ground had hardly been disturbed since Roman times. Till the early years of the nineteenth century it was marsh; and since it was drained it has been such excellent pasture that within living memory only wartime conditions have caused it to be ploughed, and then only two or three times.

We started work on the ground in the early summer with a large-scale chain survey, and parcelled out the ground into fifty-foot squares with yellow markers. A Ministry team and Dr. Belshé of Cambridge then prospected along, section by section, testing and confirming the evidence from the air and what we suspected from bumps and crop-marks on the ground. They used modern scientific equipment which can now detect the presence of buried features by measuring electronically disturbances to the earth's natural gravitational and magnetic forces and by recording variations in resistance to electric currents passed through the soil.

Now that I had read all I could from the surface of the site it was essential to dig as much as possible. The purpose of digging is really to work out, from the way features lie in the ground (often in clearly-defined layers one on top of the other),

their sequence in date; and then to go on to define the plan of the site at the different periods. These periods can be dated by reference to the objects found sealed in the various layers. At *CAMBORITVM* I hoped not only to find traces of building at different levels, but also traces of the successive floods noted but not too securely dated elsewhere in the Fenland region. So digging was essential.

Happily the landowner and the River Board were helpful, and in mid-June we started digging, with a labour force of six paid men and eight volunteers. When we closed down six weeks later we had learnt more than we had ever hoped for—and received some surprises. The earliest occupation on the site came at the very bottom of our deepest trench. Cut into the chalk bedrock I found traces of a burial with an almost complete beaker—a

typical grave-group of the Early Bronze Age. Above this were several feet of undisturbed, naturally-laid sand, which extended over the whole of our excavation area. This was something really important, for it confirmed suggestions elsewhere in the Fens that they were uninhabitable almost throughout the period between the Bronze Age and the Roman Occupation.

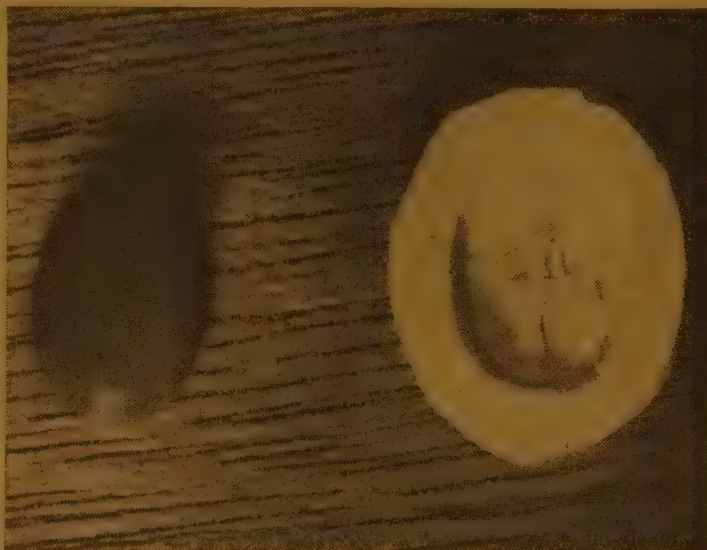
Life returned to the site early in the Christian era. The recent discovery of a large hoard of Celtic coins of the immediate pre-Roman period just across the river in Joist Fen had already suggested a wealthy British occupation somewhere nearby: hoards usually suggest a period of danger when prudent men hid their valuables, perhaps in this case on the first

approach of the Roman forces. At *CAMBORITVM* itself there were traces of British occupation of rather uncertain date; and this part of the settlement may not have first developed until after the Icenii, the kingdom of Boudicca's husband, had already become a Roman protectorate.

The development of this settlement accelerated in the early second century. This was when the regular, Roman-type street grid was laid out. When my records assistant put in an urgent request for another hut to store the finds I realized just how heavy and prosperous the occupation had been. Plentiful pottery of Roman style but of East-Anglian manufacture was pouring in from the trenches. It included specialized types identical in form with those used by the Army of the North, but in local fabric and stamped with the names of hitherto unknown potters. These pots were vital evidence, for their types are securely dated on Hadrian's Wall. Animal bones, burnt chaff, and millstones gave some indications of diet, and an elegant carnelian signet added a touch of sophistication. Little remained of the houses, but post-holes and wattle-and-daub showed they were fairly simple in construction.

But already in the mid-second century this prosperity was threatened. Drainage was deteriorating, ditches were periodically flooding and new channels had to be cut. Then, around A.D. 180, disaster struck. A sudden immense flood swept away the lightly-constructed houses, leaving pathetic evidence behind it: the skeleton of a man who had already been dead some hours when the disaster happened lay where the flood waters had left him, buried in silt and debris. His position betrayed violent or agonizing death; perhaps in the panic as the flood approached. The body was in *rigor mortis* before the waters arrived and was still in that state when they subsided, clear evidence for a destruction lasting like that of Pompeii only a few hours.

But unlike Pompeii this was not to be the end. Vigorous reconstruction was put in hand. Some of the original streets were retained, but an extraordinary construction of nine-inch-wide planks, supported where necessary by short piles and battens,



Engraved carnelian Roman signet ring (enlarged) found at *CAMBORITVM*: right, an impression from the stone showing the goddess Abundantia; left, the back of the stone showing how it was bevelled into the setting

was laid as the equivalent to the so-called 'raft' that modern civil engineers put under buildings on soft or shifting ground. Little remains above them to indicate what stood on the raft, but the comparative scarcity of finds associated with this phase, none of which necessarily dates after A.D. 200, suggests strongly that the reconstruction was an expensive failure and possibly never even completed. Moreover, the prevalence of finds beginning around A.D. 200 further up the valley makes one think of a movement of population on to higher ground away from *CAMBORITVM*. The main roads remained in use, but the settlement lay, a ghost town, until it vanished forgotten into the marshes for 1,500 years. Disasters delight the archaeologist, particularly if they cover his site and discourage later settlement.

It remains to fit the excavation results into the broader picture. The rectangular layout can be put firmly into the first half of the second century, probably the reign of Hadrian. I think I can detect an element of uncertainty in the way the surveyors laid out their street-grid, which combines with the rather simple nature of the buildings to suggest local constructors. Nevertheless the roads, though of simple construction, are efficiently cambered and drained; and their engineers clearly understood Roman road-building. Everything points to a romanized British gentry developing an early settlement into something on recognizably Roman lines.

The first flood looks like a natural disaster following on a gradual deterioration in relative land and water levels. But I

suspect contributory negligence. In the reign of the incompetent and vainglorious Emperor Commodus, who succeeded in 180, Britain suffered constant trouble from invasions and military discontent; and every effort had to be concentrated on the northern frontier. There is growing evidence of a widespread feeling of insecurity, notably in the coin hoards of the period, and people were probably unwilling to incur capital expenditure on the obviously essential extension of the drainage system.

After the flood there is no clearly visible gap in time before the reconstruction, and I am inclined to attribute it to Clodius Albinus, one of the three serious pretenders to the imperial throne on the murder of Commodus in 192. He began by trying to strengthen the Province, but in 197 he was decisively defeated in battle and his opponents entered Britain with a drastic programme of political and military reorganization. In particular, repairs were once again urgently needed in the north. It would not be surprising if in these circumstances the costly rebuilding of *CAMBORITVM* was shelved in favour of the more urgent demands of imperial defence.

This interpretation needs the confirmation that can only be obtained by further digging both at *CAMBORITVM* and on many other sites in the Fen region. Yet every year more sites crumble under the plough or bulldozer; and the day when the last undamaged one vanishes draws closer. The possibilities of the area are immense and it offers an exciting and urgent challenge to British archaeology.—*Third Programme*

The Human Russians

By ANTHONY BURGESS

WHAT I loved most about the Russians was their inefficiency. I went to Leningrad expecting to find a frightening steel-and-stone image of the Orwellian future. What I found instead was human beings at their most human: or, to put it another way, at their most inefficient.

I have to qualify this: inefficient people do not produce sputniks or cosmonauts. But it seems that the efficiency is a thin cream floated to the top; one gets the impression of a school in which all the teachers are busy at a staff meeting or in the sixth-form laboratories, leaving the lower forms to their own unsupervised devices. Stink-bombs are thrown; ink splashes the walls (the walls are already dirty enough, anyway); Ivanov Minor writes on the blackboard 'Comrade Khrushchev has a fat belly'. But no one minds because there is a most interesting experiment going on in the physics lab, and all the staff is crowding round that. Or else some teacher is being reprimanded by all the other teachers for a breach of staff discipline. Or else plans are being made for a colossal open day. Or perhaps the headmaster is checking the proofs of the glorious and mendacious school prospectus.

I don't know whether mendacity is an aspect of the Russian character or something that springs out of Soviet 'double-think'. In a restaurant a waiter assured me that all the tables were full when I could see for myself that most of them were empty. I tried to buy an English newspaper but could only find the *Daily Worker* on sale. The girl at the kiosk should rightly have said: 'Only the *Daily Worker* tells the truth; hence it is the only British paper allowed in Soviet Russia'. But what she actually said was: 'You should come earlier. All the other British papers have been snapped up'. That was not much of a compliment to the *Daily Worker*; nor to what I call my intelligence—everyone knows that no other British newspapers are allowed in Russia. Some of the lies are far from annoying. An Intourist man told me I would have to pay £25 for a single night in a double room in the Astoria Hotel. What I actually paid was something under 30s.; I have the bill to prove it.

But perhaps what I call lying is only a Russian unwillingness to face reality. And perhaps both those harsh words—lying and inefficiency—are ill-chosen. The world of romance and fairy tale

is never far away from the Khrushchevian Utopia. (*Utopia*, of course, was a fairy tale). Gagarin and Titov are perhaps cognate with Baba Yaga and other fairy-tale witches and magicians. If you can accept that a hut can walk on chicken's legs, you are not surprised at what can be done with a space-ship. I made friends with a serious young man with a good science degree. For days we talked earnestly and without humour on political and scientific matters. Then suddenly, without warning, without a flicker or glint, he told me that he had in his apartment a Siberian cat nearly three feet long, excluding the tail. This cat, he said, had very green eyes, shared his bed with him, and occasionally kicked him out of bed on to the floor. You could see he sometimes got a bit tired of reality.

In a fairy-tale world time is easily suspended. Dining-room delays are proverbial. In Leningrad's smartest restaurant I ordered beef stroganoff at twelve-thirty and was eventually served with it at four. That didn't greatly worry me; I was less hungry than thirsty and desperately wanted beer. But nobody would bring me beer. I lolled my tongue in desperation and made strangled noises: these were appreciated but they didn't bring me beer. What I did then was to go to a refrigerator that was gleaming in the distance and take beer out of it. I brought the beer back to my table and opened it with a knife. Nobody objected. I did this four times; nobody minded in the least.

Between drinking this self-service beer and waiting for my beef stroganoff I decided to do a little shopping. I had seen a boutique with bracelets and brooches and badges of Lenin and Major Gagarin. I wanted to buy a small Soviet present for my wife. The girls behind the counter were very pretty and very helpful. Nobody could speak English but we contrived a macaronic mixture of Russian, French, and German. I chose a charming little bracelet and brought out my roubles and kopeks. The girls were shocked. Only foreign currency was allowed here, monsieur. These goods were for foreigners. Did I not see the logic? I didn't, but I asked how much in English money. There was a great rummaging among type-written lists. At length it was proudly announced that the bracelet would cost me thirty shillings and fifteen pence. I gave the girls a little lesson. They crowded round. They were most appreciative: the Russians love lessons. I handed

over two pound notes and there was an interval for admiring the portrait of the Queen. 'The Tsarina', they said, 'very pretty'. I asked for change. They were terribly sorry, but they had no change. This was the first day, you see, and their aim was to get foreign currency, not give it. What I must do now was to choose some other little gift, so that my total purchases would add up to two pounds. This seemed reasonable, so I chose a small brooch. How much this time? This time, they said, busy with their ball-points, I must pay five shillings and fourteen pence. A recapitulation of my little arithmetic lesson and some gentle rapping on the knuckles. Charming giggles; very well, then, a total of thirty-five shillings and twenty-nine pence, making a total of one pound, seventeen shillings and fivepence.

No Change Kept

That meant that there was still two shillings and sevenpence to be spent. I groaned. I said: 'Please keep the two shillings and sevenpence change, mademoiselle. Buy yourself a little something with it'.

Everybody was profoundly shocked. No, no, no, unthinkable, uncultured, un-Soviet. I must buy something else. So I desperately ranged around the little boutique and emerged finally with a small badge with a hammer and sickle and the slogan *Mir Miru*, meaning 'Peace to the World'. This was two shillings. I begged and pleaded with the girls at least to keep the sevenpence change, but they wouldn't and couldn't. Finally, I was given two boxes of Soviet matches, we exchanged kisses and handshakes, and everybody was happy. It had taken a long time. I had now forgotten what I had ordered for lunch. But the waiter, at last back from his three-hour compulsory rest-period, had not forgotten. On my table was a plate of cold beef stroganoff. The waiter tut-tutted at me reproachfully. The food had been there for twenty minutes, he said.

Perhaps the manic depression which so many Russians seem to suffer from militates against what we like to call efficiency: up in the air, on a wave of massive euphoria; then down into the bowels of the earth, in unutterable misery—that's the way with a lot of them. A lot of them are what are called *pyknic* types, short, stocky and temperamental, like Comrade Khrushchev himself. A good Communist never weeps for the sins of the world, but I saw plenty of weeping and ineffable depression in Leningrad restaurants. One minute up on a crest of frog-dancing, singing and promiscuous kissing—loud, loving smacks—on vodka and Soviet cognac: the next moment, down in the deepest depression. This would often end in sleep, head down in a litter of glasses, bottles and full ash-trays. And then some grim loud woman would appear with a ready cure—a pledget of cotton-wool soaked in ammonia. Up the nostrils, even into the eyes, and the sufferer would cough back to life, be thrown out by the waiters, and then search hopelessly for a taxi home.

I saw a great deal of drunkenness in Leningrad restaurants. I found this on the whole encouraging; where there's drunkenness, there's hope, for good little totalitarian machines don't get drunk. The technique with obstreperous drunks was always the same—the unceremonious chuck-out by a gaggle of waiters: the police were never brought into it. That's another thing I liked about Leningrad—the absence of police. Perhaps all the police are secret police, and perhaps the only crimes are political crimes. Certainly, there was no attempt to cope officially with the minor misdemeanours which fill our police-courts—drunken disorderliness, rowdiness, soliciting. My wife and I left the Metropole Restaurant at three in the morning together with a charming Finnish couple. We had been with them for several hours, had carried on long and intricate conversations with them, despite the lack of any common language at all. I asked a waiter if we could get a taxi. He said, with commendable intelligibility, 'Taxi, nyet'. Downstairs I asked one of the three sweating doormen. But they were busy coping with a loud group of *stilyagi* or teddy-boys, who were shouting and waving broken bottles and demanding to be let into the restaurant. There, of course, it was taxi very much *nyet*. So the four of us sat on the pavement, singing in Finnish and English that great international song 'Clementine'. We wanted the police to come, tap us on the shoulder, find out we were foreigners, then speed us back to our respective ships in police

cars. But no police came. The painted girls solicited and the teddy-boys raged and romped, but no police came. It is my honest opinion that there are no police in Leningrad.

If one expects to find a totalitarian state full of soft-booted, white-helmeted military police, conspicuously armed, one also expects a certain coldness, a thinness of blood, all emotion channelled into love of Big Brother. You certainly find none of that in Leningrad. There is a tremendous warmth about the people, a powerful desire to admit you, the stranger, into the family and smother you with kisses. I asked my young scientific friend to call me by my first name, but he was shy of that. He didn't want to be stand-offish, he wanted to establish a closer relationship than the mere use of first names would allow; so I was to be called 'Uncle'—*Dyadya*: I was to be genuinely one of the family. One found this in hospitals, too. My wife was taken to hospital with some inexplicable complaint—doctors and nurses alike administered the medicine of a good cuddle, a kiss, a maternal or paternal 'there there'. One sees how remote from reality were those early Soviet attempts to abolish the family as a social unit.

Strangely enough, one feels this warm ambience of family even in the food. *Borshch*, that omnipresent soup, coarse and delicious—there's none of the cold professional spirit of the *haute cuisine* floating in that. Instead, one finds ragged gobbets of beef, veal, chicken, with sometimes the afterthought of a pale frankfurter peeping out of the wrack of cabbage and shredded meat. What is *borshch* really but home cooking? It smells of one's own family kitchen; it's something that mother used to make.

I suppose if one wanted to be fanciful one could say that the whole of Leningrad is aromatic of home. No names of strangers stand above the shops. All you see is MEAT, BUTTER, EGGS, FISH, VEGETABLES, as though each state food-shop were a compartment of some colossal family kitchen. And there is no terrifying smartness among the people who walk the streets—they are all dressed in clumsy ill-cut unpressed suits and dresses, like members of our own family rigged up informally for a day at home. Incidentally, there is plenty to be done at home, but no one ever seems to do it.

The city is terribly shabby and slummy-looking despite the Byzantine gold of the cathedral, despite the unbelievable splendours of the Winter Palace. And what is true of the city is also true of home. Father and elder brothers put off indefinitely the necessary chores—the replacing of broken panes in the windows, the painting and pointing, the mending of the path, the new light-bulb on the landing. Father is a shirt-sleeved pipe-smoking slippered newspaper-reading Father. He is inefficient, and so is Big Brother. Meanwhile, far away the rockets blast off and Major Titov surveys the earth like a god. But all that is taking place in another Russia, far away from the homely smell of blocked-up drains and *borshch*.—Home Service

Mr. Burgess is a novelist: his latest novel, 'Devil of a State', is reviewed on page 1133

The Threatened Countryside

How far are Britain's places of beauty being spoiled by the advance of 'Subtopia', the ubiquitous motor-car, or the vandal? Or are they being saved by the efforts of the National Trust, the National Park Planning Boards, and local authorities?

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Model of the flatlets for old people, designed by the Ministry of Housing Architects' Development Group, which are being built at Stevenage New Town: the building system used is similar to that employed by the Consortium of Local Authorities Schools Programmes (CLASP)

Houses Today and Tomorrow

A discussion between CLEEVE BARR and GRAEME SHANKLAND

Mr. Cleeve Barr is a Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects. Mr. Graeme Shankland is an architect and planner in the architect's department of the London County Council

Cleeve Barr: The report on *Homes for Today and Tomorrow** is the most exciting thing on housing published since the war; it is a charter for the architect engaged on housing to employ new flexibility and a much greater variety. The report is the product of a lay committee which is a permanent advisory committee to the Minister of Housing and Local Government. It contains architects, builders, sociologists, housewives, medical officers, and it has taken evidence from local authorities all over the country and has visited a great many housing schemes. The main conclusions are that we have too many houses which are too small in area and far too cramped; and that we must have more space and better heating, more storage, better kitchens and so on.

Graeme Shankland: This presumably affects house planning fairly profoundly, maybe even so far as to having new kinds of houses—or flats?

Barr: Yes indeed. Flats are of course a special problem. Ever since the war flats and maisonettes built by local authorities have been of smaller over-all sizes than houses, simply because to build flats is more expensive than to build houses. The report makes it clear that there is no reason why a family living in a flat should have less space than one living in a house: one might even say that because they have no garden they should have more space. But the implication of this is that flats will be even more expensive than they are at the moment, relative to houses.

Shankland: How much more might each cost if these standards are indeed accepted by the Government?

Barr: By and large it means that houses will cost from £50 to £200 a house more, and flats from, say, £100 to £250 more. The extra space will go into kitchens or into storage. So many

houses have nowhere to put a perambulator or a bicycle, and all the things that a family has to store from year to year. One interesting thing that comes out of this is the idea that the ground floor of a house does not have to be the same area as the upper floor. Nearly all houses, for economy purposes, are built as little boxes in which the upper floor, just accommodating sleeping space and a bathroom, is the same area as the ground floor. A result of understanding the functions of what goes on in a house will lead us to build houses in the future which will have much larger ground floors than first floors. From the point of view of architecture, this is dramatic: with pitched roofs it will be difficult to accommodate this kind of house unless you put some of the living space upstairs. But a pitched roof does not need to have the ridge in the middle. You can have a house with attic rooms in the roof, a mansard roof perhaps steep on one side and with a gentle slope to the other side. We shall get a much greater variety of pitches. But, contrariwise, with flat roofs you get the kind of house which will project on the ground floor and provide at first-floor level a roof terrace which can be used for putting out the baby, for having tea, or sitting out.



One of the flatlets (for a single person): all of the flatlets have views outwards on two sides

Since the war we have all been working to minimum roof sizes. A parents' bedroom has been a minimum of 135 square feet; the next double bedroom 110 square feet; a small bedroom 70 square feet; and there have been certain areas for kitchens and living-rooms and so on. Architects have found this extremely restrictive; the planning of houses has become standardized and inflexible. The report recommends that these minimum room sizes be abolished and that within larger total house areas there should be complete flexibility. The size of the house over-all goes up and is fixed as a minimum in relation to the number of people who are going to live in it. Within those over-all sizes, of the order of 60 to 70 square feet bigger than we have at the moment, architects will be able to plan, on the ground floor, one, two, or three living spaces—for example, a kitchen partially opening into a dining-room, with a separate living-room; or, alternatively, a large living-dining-room with a small separate study.

Return to the Parlour

Shankland: In one sense a sort of return to the parlour?

Barr: Not a return to the parlour in the sense that it will not be used. This report arises from an observation of what really goes on in houses. At the Ministry we have a research and development group, and we are about to build a group of family houses in collaboration with a local authority in the Home Counties. The intention of the scheme is to illustrate the kinds of plans which result from this new report. The development group, which consists of architects and sociologists and administrators, has done a little pilot survey of groups of tenants living in the area; and very interesting things have come out of this. For example, it is clear that at some time or other—mostly every day—some members of most families want to eat their meals in the kitchen. Soon after the war we architects often tried to make kitchens into working laboratories for the preparation of food: that idea is completely discredited by this report. Kitchens must be of such a size that people can eat some meals—if only breakfast or occasional evening meals—there.

Shankland: Even the middle class, as well as the working class, who have always done it?

Barr: Yes. If space is not allowed we find that people will go to the greatest inconvenience to get a table and chairs into the kitchen, even if they are thereby unable to open the larder door. Then we found children doing homework in their bedrooms to get away from the noise of the television. This report advocates that all the ground floor, not only the living-room but the kitchen and the entrance hall, should be heated; and also that the bedrooms should preferably have at least background heating, so that they can be used as additional living-rooms.

Shankland: This would be almost the biggest single change of all the points you have been mentioning. Whole-house heating would be a tremendous step forward. It comes back to your earlier point about the parlour: the parlours will be heated and therefore they in the same way can be used.

Flexible Divisions between Rooms

Barr: Yes, and in that connexion something we are trying to achieve in this development project—something recommended in the report—is that divisions between rooms should be flexible. This is a difficult thing to achieve. We need new kinds of partitions which are capable of being put up as furniture, so that the parlour, as you call it, can be opened up for use with the rest of the living space; and also so that bedrooms can be subdivided.

Shankland: So that as the family gets older they can have bedrooms of their own in effect; they can share them when they are younger.

Are there any other subjects which the development group is studying which are new?

Barr: We are beginning a project on slum clearance in an old industrial town, where the problem is to rehouse people as close as possible to where they have lived before, to avoid taking them out as what you planners call 'overspill' to the surrounding suburbs, and to house as many families as possible near the ground. If one is also to provide space for 100 per cent. car

ownership and proper play facilities, it poses a problem which, to our mind, has not yet been fully solved, and at the moment we are beginning studies on how best to do it. We also have another project which is now building at Stevenage New Town, which is a group of flatlets for old people. That has two particular aims. One is to demonstrate detailed planning solutions: each old person will have a separate living-room, separate kitchen, separate w.c. and wash-basin, but will share bathrooms—one to six flatlets. A bath is something which is difficult for an old person to keep clean, and there is a lot to be said for having that looked after for her. This scheme will have two common-rooms—one for television and one for quiet use. The other aspect of this project is the development of a building system. This is an attempt to apply to housing a system of components similar to those developed by the CLASP organization (the Consortium of Local Authorities Schools Programmes)—the principle of a series of small factory-produced units which can be put together on the site by any local builder.

Shankland: What actually does it involve?

Barr: CLASP uses a system of light steel columns and beams with prefabricated timber panels for floors, walls, and roofs. Initially we aim to apply this to houses rather than flats. To build above three storeys you need obviously very much stronger structural columns and beams. Also in blocks of flats you need much higher standards of fire protection and sound insulation. The standards for sound insulation in housing have been arrived at as a result of studies carried out by the building research station into thousands of homes in blocks of flats in different parts of the country. Noise coming through from one's neighbour is about the worst feature that people endure in living in blocks of flats: therefore we cannot take any chances.

Heavier Structures

Shankland: This is, presumably, going to add to the weight of the actual structure itself?

Barr: Yes. Floors and walls will have to be just about twice as heavy as those which are reasonably used, for instance, in schools. It almost certainly means that you have to use concrete as the structural material for these walls and floors. And there is not only sound insulation; there is fire protection. Lightweight steel has been the basis of most of the schools structural systems. In housing one requires a greater degree of protection over that steel which can be asbestos or plaster or concrete. But economically concrete comes out as the cheapest material for making pre-cast elements in blocks of flats.

Shankland: Is it true to say there is more scope for methods of industrialization—prefabrication—in multi-storey flat building? If so, what form do you think it is likely to take?

Barr: There are only one or two systems for building blocks of flats from factory-made components in this country at the moment. There are two great problems: one is for the producers to find a sufficient programme of housing to justify their laying down enormously expensive plant; and, secondly, there is the problem that if you design blocks of flats out of large concrete elements you give a degree of standardization to their appearance which is difficult to handle architecturally, and likely not to appeal certainly to most lay committees of local authorities.

Shankland: You have been abroad and studied continental methods: I would like to know whether you feel that we have anything to learn from what is happening in Denmark and the U.S.S.R., for instance, in large-scale prefabrication?

Barr: I think we have something to learn which is good and some lessons in what to avoid. The firms which have launched successfully large programmes of standardized flat-building in Scandinavia, France, western Germany and eastern Europe have had large-scale programmes provided either by co-operatives or by the government. An interesting development announced recently in Britain is the formation of a Yorkshire consortium of local authorities. The chairmen of the housing committees of Sheffield, Hull, and Leeds have announced that they are going to co-ordinate their housing programmes. This will start slowly by the interchange of technical information, cost information, working details, type plans and so on, between the architects concerned, and then will build up into co-ordination of their pro-

grammes for bulk buying and dealing with contractors in bulk. This seems to me to be the first case in housing where this kind of co-operation on the part of clients to build up programmes is developing, and something which I am sure will in the next decade become much more widespread.

Shankland: If it does, do you think it will make it much easier for industrial methods on a big scale to be applied to multi-storey housing?

Barr: Yes. The large contractor who has got plant and engineers and productive capacity is in a dilemma. From his point of view he wants to standardize a block of flats or a building system. One can understand the fears of architects and local authorities that if they simply buy things off the peg from large-scale contractors they are going to have uniform and monotonous housing resulting from it. If you look at this large-scale housing which is being built on the Continent, particularly in eastern Europe, a lot of it is deadly monotonous.

Shankland: Need this be, do you think?

Barr: No, here I think is something which we can pick up from the schools building programme and apply to housing. The essence of the schools approach is that architects have worked with manufacturers to produce components—walls, columns, beams, partitions, and so on—which can be put together to make a whole variety of different kinds of plans. The way package-deal housing is going in this country at the moment, and the way large-scale production has gone on the Continent, has been to produce whole blocks of flats of a standard design. I would hope that the large contractors in this country who have leapt to the fore since the war (they now have a much larger share of the whole housing output than a few years ago; in fact I think the top few score firms probably produce about 25 per cent. or 30 per cent. of all the housing) would go in the direction of producing structural elements—staircases, load-bearing columns, floors—which can be put together without producing a standardized block of flats or a standardized lay-out. It seems to me that an architect's job is not only to produce buildings which are good from the point of view of their economy of production; they should be related to a site, to other buildings in the neighbourhood, to contours, to the landscape, and so on. One of the problems at the moment is that we are getting one kind of architecture for tall blocks and another kind of architecture for low blocks on housing estates. It is simply that the economics of production are different for the two kinds of blocks: you have one kind of construction for the tall building and one for the low building.

Shankland: But that need not necessarily result in a different kind of architecture, need it?

Barr: I agree, and I think not nearly enough work is being done on this. In fact one of the things the Ministry development group hopes to do is to attempt to co-ordinate the sizes to which structural components are made. We have made some study of

plan forms and we think it would be possible to produce a series of dimensions to which large elements of structure could conform, at the same time providing a variety of plan shapes.

Shankland: Will this give greater flexibility for architects in respect of choice of materials for finishes and things of that kind?

Barr: Obviously greater flexibility than accepting one standard block form, but not nearly so much flexibility as building everything freely as with brick construction. But one has to have some compromise here between a reasonable degree of flexibility and the economics of standardized production.

Shankland: One of the great lessons of Georgian architecture is that you get a standard town house, which need not in fact have been standardized at all from the point of view of the structure

because it is built by traditional means; and yet it is these standard houses, identical in every Georgian square, which together make up the bigger architectural unit of the square, and each square is different. Do you think that without going back to traditional forms in the strict sense, there is anything to be learned from this point of standardization, in the sense that the suburb is the other kind of thing—where every house is different but the whole thing looks pretty well the same? In which direction are we going to go in the future?

Barr: The first thing is that in the design of housing, whether blocks of flats or houses, architects should play a much greater part. It is not commonly realized—and it is fully brought out in this report *Homes for Today and Tomorrow*—that architects are often not used in the design

of new homes; or often they are used only in a subordinate capacity in the big firms and the local authorities. Architects in industry should be allowed by the R.I.B.A. to become directors and to affect the policy and economics of building at the top level within the firm. If you employ architects in a subordinate capacity you can hardly expect to get the most creative kind of man.

Shankland: And if standardization was, in fact, applied in the way you have been discussing, we could then be talking not merely about houses and flats but whole parts of cities. After all in designing whole parts of cities this is where the architect has perhaps his main function of the future. Is that how you see it?

Barr: Yes. I realize that there has been a big increase in productivity within the house building industry in the past few years. This has been brought about by higher rates of pay, higher rates of profit. But there are limits to the increase in productivity in that direction. As I see it we can only meet the needs of the future, both quantitatively and from the point of view of quality, by large-scale factory production of components for house building.

—From a discussion in the Third Programme

A new edition of the first part of Sir Arthur Bryant's *The Story of England, Makers of the Realm* (Collins, 42s.) contains over fifty contemporary illustrations.



'Standardization' in Georgian architecture: an aerial view of the Circus, Bath

Aerofilms

Drunkenness and Insanity in Criminal Law

By A. L. GOODHART

IN his talk on automatism¹, Dr. Rupert Cross defined automatism in these words: 'An act may be said to have been done in a state of automatism when it was performed by the muscles without any control by the mind. Examples are a spasm, a reflex action, or a convulsion'. Then he added, as further illustrations, an act done when suffering from concussion or walking in one's sleep. He concluded that everyone would agree that a man ought not to be held criminally liable for acts done in these conditions because a person can only be responsible for conduct which is in some sense the outcome of conscious deliberation on his part.

I want to discuss two other conditions in which it may be said that, in certain circumstances, a person's conduct is not the outcome of such deliberation on his part. The first is insanity, in which his mind is so impaired by disease or injury that he does not really know what he is doing. The second is drunkenness, where alcohol may so affect his mind that here again his acts cannot be said to be the outcome of conscious deliberation.

Resemblances and Differences

The legal rules relating to each of these concepts are, to a considerable extent, identical, but they also differ in certain important respects. The resemblances and the differences were discussed in the recent case of *Attorney-General for Northern Ireland v. Gallagher*², in which the House of Lords had to deal both with insanity and drunkenness. As far as I know this is the first case in which a court had to consider the relationship between the two, and you will therefore not be surprised to find that some of the points raised in it are of peculiar difficulty.

The facts of the case were not in dispute. Gallagher killed his wife with a knife and a hammer, in September 1960, at Omagh in Northern Ireland. They had been married for sixteen years, during which there were frequent quarrels, owing primarily to his drinking habits. Four months before the killing, a doctor, after there had been another serious quarrel, advised Gallagher to go to a mental hospital for treatment, which he did. Having made a rapid improvement he came home for a three months' trial in June, but in July he again assaulted his wife after another drinking bout. He was then readmitted to the mental hospital where he appeared to be cheerful and more or less normal. On September 7, when he was given permission to leave the hospital for a day, he went into Omagh where he bought a knife with a seven-inch blade. He then bought a bottle of whisky at a public house, and, shortly afterwards, he was seen riding a bicycle along the road to his wife's house. Four hours later he entered a neighbour's house and collapsed on the floor. He had blood on his hands, and he was drunk. After water had been thrown on him he recovered, and he then said that he had killed his wife. When the police entered her home they found her body with terrible injuries. The knife, that had been bought that morning, and an old hammer were covered with blood. On a chest of drawers was a bottle of whisky, nearly empty. Later that afternoon at the police station Gallagher said to the sergeant: 'I have no regrets: she gave me a hell of a life these past three years'. Later, after caution, he said: 'I made up my mind to kill her about a fortnight or three weeks ago'.

Two Defences

On these facts Gallagher was charged with the murder of his wife. He pleaded two defences. The first was that he was insane at the time when he killed her. The second was that he was by reason of drink incapable of forming the intent necessary to constitute murder, and that he was therefore guilty only of manslaughter.

At first sight there would seem to be a number of facts which could support the defence of insanity. The most obvious one was

that at the time of the killing he was in a mental hospital and had only been let out on a day's leave. In addition he not only made no attempt to conceal his crime, but acknowledged that he deliberately planned it for some weeks. A number of doctors were called both for the prosecution and for the defence, who gave evidence that the accused was 'an aggressive psychopath'. That word is of such comparatively recent origin that it can be found only in the most modern dictionaries. Perhaps the best definition can be found in the Mental Health Act, 1959, which refers to 'psychopathic disorder or disability of mind (whether or not including subnormality of intelligence) which results in abnormally aggressive or seriously irresponsible conduct'. In the *Gallagher* case Lord Tucker said that the characteristics of a psychopath are 'emotional immaturity and instability; they live in themselves and lack social sense; they tend to yield to their instincts readily and lack self-control'. I suppose that in a sense all of us are to a certain degree psychopaths, because it is doubtful whether anyone is completely mature emotionally, has a fully developed social sense, and never lacks self-control. At what point the lack of these qualities is so marked as to enable a doctor to say that a psychopath is medically insane is a problem which must give rise to the greatest difficulty for the medical profession. But it is not a question with which the law is concerned because legal insanity is not the same as medical insanity.

The M'Naghten Rules

The law defining legal insanity is found in what is known as 'the rules in *M'Naghten's case*'. In 1843 one M'Naghten shot and killed Mr. Drummond, mistaking him for Sir Robert Peel, under an insane delusion that the Prime Minister had injured him. At his trial he was acquitted on the ground of insanity. This provoked so much public resentment that the subject was debated in the House of Lords, and as a consequence of the debate, the Lords adopted the unusual course of submitting certain questions concerning the law of insanity to the common law judges. Lord Chief Justice Tindal gave the following answer, which ever since has been accepted as the law:

'To establish a defence on the ground of insanity, it must be clearly proved that, at the time of the committing of the act, the party accused was labouring under such a defect of reason, from disease of the mind, as not to know the nature and quality of the act he was doing; or, if he did know it, that he did not know he was doing what was wrong'³.

The chief ground on which this legal definition has been criticized is that it does not cover the case of a man, who, owing to mental illness, is unable to control his acts, even though he knows their nature and that they are wrong. Put briefly, the English law of insanity does not recognize that an irresistible impulse, due to mental disease, is a form of insanity.

In spite of these criticisms there is something to be said for this distinction between mental disease that destroys a man's understanding, and a disease that destroys his self-control. For one thing, there is the practical reason that it is easier to prove that a man did not know what he was doing than it is to prove that he could not resist the desire to do it. Another reason for the distinction is that in the first instance no threat of punishment can affect a person if he does not know what he is doing, while in the second instance it is rare indeed that any impulse is so irresistible that a person cannot resist it, whatever the circumstances may be. So the stock question to disprove an irresistible impulse is: Would the accused have acted as he did if he had known that a police constable was present? The fact that the medical profession groups both types of mental illness under the single term of insanity does not mean that the law has made an error in drawing a distinction between them for its own purposes.

It does not follow from this, however, that the law should not

¹ Printed in THE LISTENER of December 7.

² (1961) 3 W.L.R. 619.

³ (1843) 10 Cl. and F.200, 210.

she can't
have one
without
the other

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give recognition under another head to a defect in will-power due to mental illness. Fortunately in 1957 the Homicide Act introduced into English law the doctrine of diminished responsibility, which it borrowed from the law of Scotland. Put briefly, the Act provides that if a jury finds that the accused was suffering from such abnormality of mind, whether due to retarded development, or disease, or injury, as substantially to impair his responsibility, then a conviction of manslaughter will be entered instead of that for murder. It is probable that if the *Gallagher case* had arisen in England the jury would have found diminished responsibility, but the Homicide Act has not, as yet, been introduced in Northern Ireland.

A Judge's Charge to the Jury—

It was therefore necessary for the trial judge, Lord MacDermott, the Lord Chief Justice of Northern Ireland, to explain to the jury the effect of the *M'Naghten rules*. This would not have been difficult if it had not been for the fact that Gallagher was not only a mental defective, but was also drunk at the time when he killed his wife. How could the judge help the jury to distinguish between the defence that the killing was due to insanity and the defence that it was due to drunkenness, when the two seemed to be bound up together? He did so by charging the jury that in regard to insanity they should direct their 'attention to the state of his [Gallagher's] mind on that morning before he opened the bottle of whisky'. The reason for doing this was that it was not contended by the defence that the whisky had brought about an attack of insanity, as it might have done if he had been subject to epilepsy or delirium tremens, for in such cases it is due to the disease, and not to the alcohol, that the person does not know what he is doing. As Dr. Glanville Williams has pointed out, a person can continue to act under delirium tremens long after the alcohol has worn off. But in the present case there was no medical evidence that the whisky could have brought on disease or injury to the brain itself; all that it could have done would be to make it less possible for Gallagher to control his actions. So it was proper for the jury to consider the state of his mind before it had been confused by alcohol, especially as there was no suggestion that it could have deteriorated physically during the interval between his beginning to drink and the killing. The jury rejected the defence of insanity and found the prisoner guilty of murder.

When the case reached the Northern Ireland Court of Criminal Appeal that court quashed the conviction on the ground that the Lord Chief Justice had made an error in his charge, because the *M'Naghten rules* state in the clearest language that the time which the jury must consider is 'the time of the committing of the act'; therefore the jury ought not to have been asked to consider his mental condition before he drank the whisky. As the Court of Criminal Appeal has no power to order a new trial, this reversal led to the remarkable result that Gallagher, who did not deny that he had stabbed his wife to death, would have had to be set free, owing to the error in the trial judge's charge to the jury, without even being found guilty of manslaughter.

—Upheld by the House of Lords

The Attorney-General for Northern Ireland therefore applied immediately for leave to appeal to the House of Lords under the Administration of Justice Act, 1960. The House of Lords granted leave, and in due course it reversed the judgment of the Court of Criminal Appeal. It held that Lord MacDermott's charge had not been in conflict with the *M'Naghten rules* because if Gallagher was legally sane before he drank the whisky he must still have been legally sane when he killed his wife, as there had been no change in his mental condition in the interval.

The second defence raised in the *Gallagher case* was the defence of drunkenness because it was argued that the accused had been so blind drunk that he could not have formed the intention to kill his wife. The leading case on this branch of the law is *Director of Public Prosecution v. Beard*⁴, decided by the House of Lords in 1920. In that case the prisoner, while raping a young girl, had placed his hand on her mouth to stop her from screaming, with the result that she had died of suffocation. At the trial he pleaded that he had been so drunk that he did not know that

he would kill her by placing his hand on her mouth, but the trial judge charged the jury that drunkenness could only be a defence to murder if the accused did not know that what he was doing was a wrongful act. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty of murder, but the Court of Criminal Appeal quashed the conviction, holding that it was a sufficient answer for the prisoner to show that his mind was so affected by drink that he was incapable of knowing that what he was doing was dangerous. Leave to appeal to the House of Lords was granted, and in due course their Lordships reversed the decision of the Court of Criminal Appeal. Lord Birkenhead, the Lord Chancellor, delivered a classic judgment which contained three conclusions. The first is that if the alcoholic excess produces actual insanity, then this insanity furnishes as complete an answer to a criminal charge as does insanity induced by any other cause. The second is that drunkenness may furnish an answer when a specific intent is essential to constitute a particular crime. For example, a man who is drunk may put something in his pocket without intending to steal it.

The third, and most important, conclusion is that drunkenness which merely affects a person's mind so that he more readily gives way to some violent passion does not rebut the presumption that he has intended the natural consequences of his acts. Drunkenness could therefore be no defence in the *Beard case* because the accused must have known that he was raping the girl, and he was therefore responsible for her death which was a consequence of his intentional act in placing his hand on her mouth. Similarly in the *Gallagher case*, the accused must have known that he was attacking his wife, even though the drink he had taken may have prevented him from forming a clear intention to kill her. As Lord Denning said, it cannot be right to rely on this self-induced defect of reason. The House of Lords therefore agreed with the courts below that there was no evidence to support the defence of drunkenness.

The Essential Question

Perhaps it may be convenient to sum up the major points of this important case. In regard to insanity it is clear that the essential question is whether the accused was insane at the time when the act was committed, but evidence that he was sane shortly before it took place is admissible, if no mental change could have occurred during the intervening period. In regard to drunkenness, if the alcohol has caused a mental disease, then the ordinary *M'Naghten rules* of insanity apply. Drunkenness which has not caused insanity can, however, only be a defence to a charge of murder if it was so complete that the person did not know what he was doing or did not have the intention required by the law. Thus if a man is so drunk that he does not know that he has knocked down his wife or if he does not realize that the blow he has given her can cause her grievous bodily harm, then he will not be held guilty of murder, although he may be guilty of manslaughter. Drunkenness which merely removes the brakes is no defence.

In regard to diminished responsibility under the Homicide Act, 1957, drunkenness by itself is not sufficient to give rise to this defence. It must be proved that the diminished responsibility is due to a mental disease, or injury, or retarded development. Drink will only be relevant here if it has brought the mental defect into action.

One final word. Although the House of Lords restored the original conviction of murder, Gallagher was not hanged as he was at once reprieved by the Crown. It is unlikely that he will ever understand the finer points of his case which swept him from the steps of the gallows to complete freedom, and then back again into prison. His case has, however, served a useful purpose in helping to clarify the law, but many perhaps will agree with me that it is still not always crystal clear.—*Third Programme*

Dr. Louis Leakey's Herbert Spencer Lecture and Thomas Huxley Lecture have been published together under the title *The Progress and Evolution of Man in Africa* (Oxford, 9s. 6d.) Both lectures discuss the recent fossil discoveries which make it likely that the earliest hominids appeared in Africa and not in Asia. The first is concerned with the stone tools associated with these fossils, and argues that Africa was the home of the world's first tool-makers. The second is addressed primarily to specialists and proposes a reclassification of the Hominoidea. L. M.

'God is No More'

By WERNER PELZ

Werner Pelz is vicar of Lostock, Boston, and author of 'Irreligious Reflections on the Christian Church'. His title is from William Blake: 'Thou art a man: God is no more'.

KING AHAB wanted to go to war. 'Do you know that Ramoth-gilead belongs to us?' he asked his ministers and his prospective ally. 'And we keep quiet and do not liberate it'. Ramoth-gilead was not a very important town, as far as we know. Future generations may not think that East Berlin was a very important town. It was probably a matter of prestige, standing firm, and so on.

King Ahab would have consulted his military advisers, diplomats, and secret service chiefs. He still had to consult the prophets. He did not much care for prophets. Elijah, for instance, had proved quite a nuisance. But his ally from Judah, Jehoshaphat, was used to prophets; and anyway it was good for the army's morale to have a bit of prophesying. Four hundred prophets arrived and faithfully fulfilled their function. 'Go to Ramoth-gilead and triumph!' they shouted and gestured. 'Thus saith the Lord'. One of them made himself horns and pushed the others about. 'So you will push about your enemies', he said to the king. Yes, it was certainly good for the army's morale at a time when newspapers and broadcasting had not yet been invented.

Jehoshaphat was more fastidious in his taste for prophecy: 'Have you no other prophet?' he asked. Yes, there was Micaiah: but Ahab hated him. He used to prophesy evil, not good. Still, Ahab sent for Micaiah who said precisely what he had feared. And more: 'I saw the Lord sitting upon the throne', he said. 'And the Lord said, "Who shall entice Ahab to go and fall at Ramoth-gilead?"' And someone said: 'I will be a lying spirit in the mouth of all his prophets'.

Through Whom Did God Speak?

Whom was Ahab to believe? The four-hundred towards whom he probably entertained a feeling of contempt? Or the one who, most likely, reciprocated his hatred? Through whom did God speak? Or did he speak at all? How, for instance, could Pharaoh know that through the ravings of his rebellious and hot-tempered grandson he was supposed to hear the thunder of an unknown God? How could Jeroboam be sure that Amos was more than a fanatic? How could the soldiers on the walls of Jerusalem know that a God spoke to them when an old agitator urged them to desert and go over to the enemy?

Sophocles knew something of the tension that arises when there is a prophet about. He lets Oedipus and Creon voice their suspicions in blunt terms. It is easy for the spectator to see how unfounded those suspicions were.

Throughout the Old Testament, God is understood as one who speaks through men and through events; that is, in complete ambiguity. It is difficult enough to accept any man's word as God's word. It is not only difficult to accept an event as God's word: it is almost impossible to agree on what He wants to say (for instance, does God speak today through Mr. Khrushchev, President Kennedy, Dr. Schweitzer, or Lord Russell? Through the hydrogen bomb or through the hydro-electric power stations of Asia and Africa? Are we, in the West, to prepare an ark, like Noah, or are we supposed to set out, through much water and desert, towards a more promising land?). The Old Testament God speaks in exactly such ambiguity. He hides behind friend and foe, behind prophet and destroyer, behind disasters and surprising deliverances. He is essentially the invisible God. He can be followed only in freedom, in the awful and exhilarating freedom of hope. (And hope is always in things not yet seen.)

To escape from this freedom of hope, we make ourselves golden calves: temples, churches, dogmas, law-codes, and fashions. To escape from this freedom, we surround ourselves with ever greater

complexity of mire and blood: with liturgies and gadgets, with insurance policies and entertainment industries. To escape from this freedom of hope, we protect ourselves with the most ingenious devices from the probings of our enemy through whom God may speak, as he once had spoken through the prophet Micaiah.

But how do we know when and how God speaks? How do we know that He speaks at all? We do not! This is the essence of His divinity, of His invisibility: that we can never know. Before His voice—if it be His voice—we are naked. We are ultimately naked however hard we try to arm ourselves against the voice by means of ideologies, religions, and infallibilities—or by frivolity, cynicism, and sexology.

A Super-rational Decision

Faced by that voice, we have to decide: we have to make a real decision. The decision is neither rational nor irrational nor super-rational; it is simply a decision—the kind of decision we make when we choose a new carpet, a career, a wife, a party, or a cemetery. It is the decision between the prosperity Jeroboam offers and the idealistic hope of Amos. Between Jesus and Caiaphas/Pilate. Between Schweitzer and Kennedy/Khrushchev. It is the decision between a man and an institution; between the living hope and the wisdom of the ages; between the vision and reality.

The Old Testament God is summed up in the call to an old man: Leave all you have and all you know. Follow me into something you have not yet and do not yet know and which is utterly insecure.

But is not a God someone who will save us from this ambiguity? From the awful necessity of having to hope and care and love without a break? The old Jews certainly longed for the time when God would speak for himself and no longer through men. They longed for the moment when he would speak once and for all and no longer through the ambiguities of historical events which one cannot understand until it is too late.

According to the New Testament, God—who in many and various ways had spoken to the fathers by the prophets—speaks again. He makes an ultimate pronouncement. He speaks, through a son. He makes himself known, through the inarticulate cry of a newborn baby. (It is true that the baby will grow up—as some of the more privileged babies do even today. The man Jesus will speak for himself. But it is equally true that the naïve Christmas legends are a profound summing up of the terrifying naivety of Jesus the Christ.) God speaks again and in such unrelieved ambiguity that the wise will long—and have longed—for the good old days when at least He spoke through prophets.

What does this uncomfortable God want to convey through His chosen medium of inarticulateness? Or, since I am agnostically inclined: What do the New Testament writers want to say to me, when they insist that through the crying of a baby a God speaks?

The Question Posed in a Baby's Cry

First of all, the baby's cry poses a question: To whom am I, to whom do I feel, ultimately responsible? To a baby or to an emperor? (To God or to Caesar?) To the unpredictable, helpless, new life which is all future and insecurity? Or to the old super-structure of conventions and expediences—state, church, party, fatherland—which is almost all past and offers the security of permanence, of death?

I can respond to a baby's cry in various ways: like Herod; like Ibsen's Master Builder, afraid of the new life with its demands and its challenge; like the landlord of the inn who had no room for one who was not a good proposition; like the vast

(concluded on page 1119)

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

December 20-26

Wednesday, December 20

The Governor-General of Goa and rest of Portuguese garrison surrenders to Indian forces

Mr. Adoula, Congolese Prime Minister, and President Tshombe of Katanga meet for talks at Kitona

The Transport and General Workers Union and the General Municipal Workers Union take legal action against the Admiralty over its refusal to pay the full amount awarded to the unions by an industrial court until end of pay pause

Thursday, December 21

President Kennedy and Mr. Macmillan begin their talks in Bermuda

Mr. Tshombe, returning to Katanga from Kitona, says that agreement reached with Mr. Adoula whereby Katanga recognizes the authority of the Central Government is 'only provisional'

British airliner crashes at Ankara, Turkey, with loss of twenty-nine lives

Friday, December 22

President Kennedy and Mr. Macmillan agree that Britain and America should go ahead with preparations to resume nuclear tests in the atmosphere

Mr. Adoula says that the Central Congolese Government will be prepared to use force if President Tshombe does not honour the terms of the agreement made at Kitona

Postmaster-General tells post-office workers that he will not be able to resume talks with their union if they keep to their decision to work to rule from January 1

Saturday, December 23

Dutch Cabinet meets to discuss situation in Indonesia

Russian military supplies are reported to be reaching Indonesia

Sixty-nine people killed in railway disaster in southern Italy

Sunday, December 24

General Franco injures hand in shooting accident

Monday, December 25

Coldest Christmas for seventeen years puts strain on national electricity distribution

Tuesday, December 26

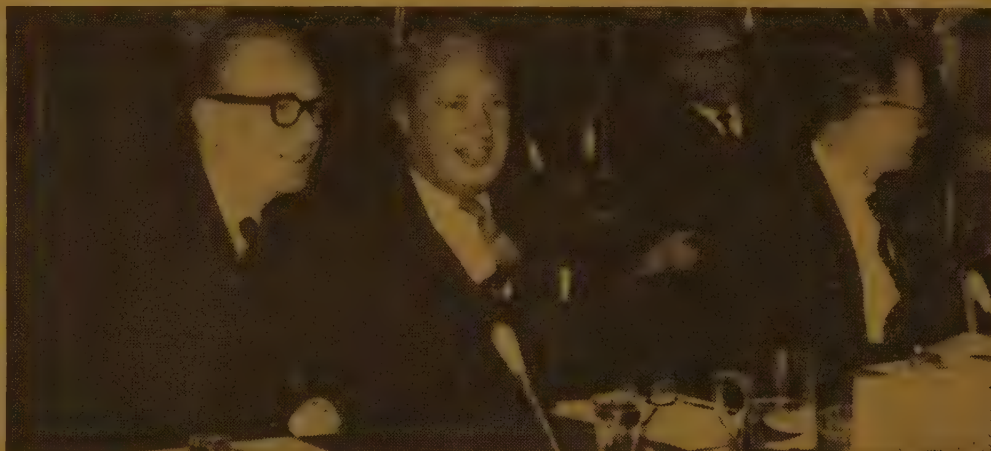
Ministry of Defence announces that small-scale precautionary measures have been taken in view of increased tension in Middle East

One hundred and twenty-seven road deaths are recorded over five Christmas holiday days

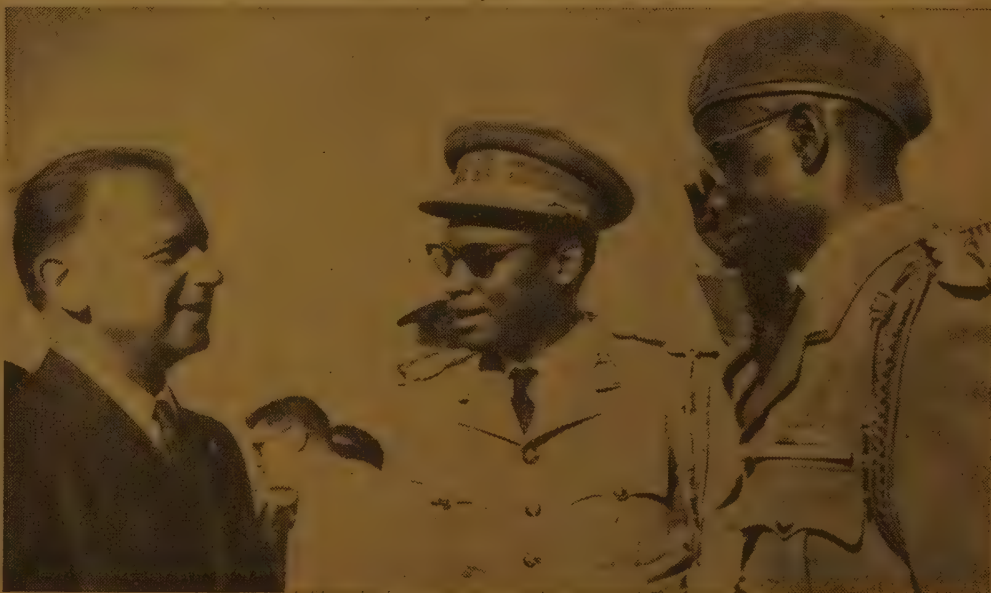
Death of Charles Hamilton ('Frank Richards') who created the schoolboy character, Billy Bunter



The inauguration of Mr. John Kennedy as thirty-fifth President of the United States on January 20: Mr. Kennedy making speech during the ceremony held outside the Capitol in Washington. On the extreme left is Mrs. Kennedy, with the President, Mr. Eisenhower, next to her



Britain applies for membership of the European Common Market: Mr. Edward Heath, Lord Privy Seal (centre) who is leading the negotiations for Britain, attending the opening of the talks in Brussels on November 8 with the Ministers of the six member countries. On the left is Sir Pierson Dixon, British Ambassador in Paris. Negotiations are to be resumed on January 1



The late Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld, former Secretary-General of the United Nations, arriving at Leopoldville, capital of the Congo, on September 13, after fighting had broken out in the 'break-away' province of Katanga with United Nations troops. Four days later, Mr. Hammarskjöld died in an air crash while on his way to discuss a cease-fire with Mr. Tshombe, Katanga's Prime Minister

WORLD

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EVENTS IN 1961



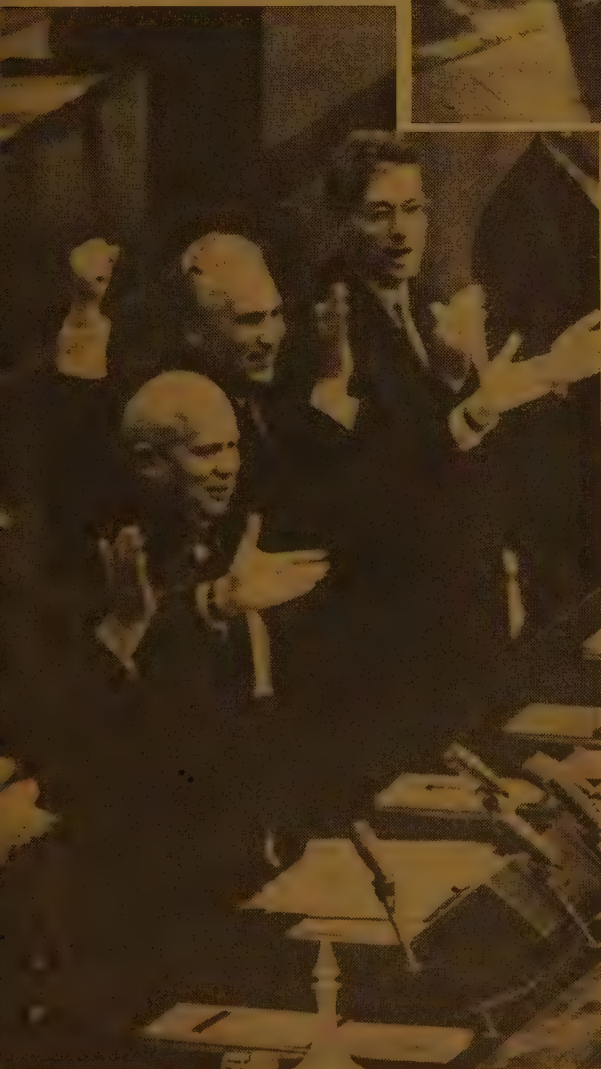
The first man to fly in outer space; Yuri Gagarin of Soviet Russia who on April 12 made a flight round the earth at a speed of about 25,000 miles an hour and landed safely in Russia



Commander Alan Shepard, the first American to fly in outer space, on his way to the rocket's launching site at Cape Canaveral on May 5



South Africa becomes a Republic: Dr. Verwoerd, the Prime Minister, reviewing a parade of troops in Pretoria on May 30, the eve of Republic Day, when South Africa also left the British Commonwealth. Mr. Charles Swart, former Governor-General, became the first President of the new Republic.



Other members of the Soviet Presidium at the twenty-second Communist Party in Moscow last October. In his opening they announced the forthcoming testing of a fifty-megaton in spite of protests in other countries, this was carried out

of Berlin: an East German soldier standing guard as the first month to reinforce and extend the wall they built earlier of the sector boundary. The fortifications, which now almost the eastern sector of the city, extend for seven miles





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(concluded from page 1115)

economic processes of our time which have no room for a child except as a potential future customer; I can respond like the Wise Men who came a long way simply to rejoice over the mystery of a new life. My response will not change much as the baby grows into a man. I shall still face the grown-up man either like Caiaphas, who could not believe that his neighbour—and such a neighbour—was his God, or I shall face him like Pilate, who would not risk his position and peace of mind though he realized that his neighbour might be God. I shall respond like Nicodemus, who saw the truth when it was too late, or like the Beloved Disciple who simply loved, to whom the man he loved was—quite naturally—God.

The Ultimate Response

To whom am I ultimately responsible? Who claims my ultimate response? God knows. He has left the decision to me. And this still holds true even if He should not be there at all. I have to decide whether or not I want to accept a baby as my God; whether I want to see God in my neighbour; or whether, like John the Baptist, I want to wait for another, for a less ambiguous God.

On one point the New Testament, especially in its Christmas legends, is definite: I am to base my decision on hope—if I dare. There is nothing more insecure than hope and a baby. There is nothing more hopeful, more hope-inspiring, in heaven and on earth, than a baby: that a man is born into the world. Perhaps the folly and sentimentality of the 'vulgar' has been wiser than the wisdom of the theologians. For the people have substituted Christmas for Easter as the main Christian feast. And if Jesus was right, they are right.

'God Is our Hope'

When the New Testament puts God into a manger it wants to say: God is our hope. It wants to say: our hope—if we have the courage to commit ourselves to it—is our God from whom nothing can separate us. And God is man! No one can come to the Father but by me, says Jesus. Or, better still, this is what the Beloved Disciple lets him say. No one can come to God except through his neighbour and through his neighbour's child. We worship God when we worship the ultimate mystery and uniqueness in our fellow man. When we betray a man we commit an ultimate act of apostasy; we choose an inhuman God.

For instance, we did not worship the starving children—and adults—of the impoverished Weimar Republic. We rather worshipped, put our hope in, a peace treaty, an economic state of affairs. So we produced Hitler, and many worshipped him. Today we do not worship the millions of starving children in the underprivileged parts of our earth. Therefore, we have to worship, put our hope in, a bomb. Of course, our historical situation is ambiguous. We have every reason to feel insecure; precisely as insecure as man has always had reason to feel. But if we were completely absorbed by the claims of this world's babies, we should forget our insecurity; death would be swallowed up by life. As long as we refuse to respond to our hope we shall have to be responsible to our despair.

When a man is born, the Christmas story says, angels sing. God is born. When a man is born everything is refashioned. The star clusters are shaken into a new pattern. The vast symphony of colours, shapes, smells, and sounds is played all over again. And each time it is quite new. What a vast bundle of opportunities and freedoms enters the world every time a child leaps from his mother's womb: a new creation, free to breathe, free to grope for the breast and, from there outwards, for the whole of the universe; soon free to walk and talk, to eat and drink, to create and procreate, to become a lover and a friend. If only we were thrilled and awed by the god-like possibilities of freedom in every child, we should, perhaps, not be so fascinated by abstract concepts like 'democracy', 'liberty', and so on. We should, perhaps, not be quite so ready to wipe out all life for the sake of one of its freedoms. Anyway, this is what the Christmas stories stress: wise is the man who rejoices in nothing more than in the beginning of a new life, the birth of a child—who loves life.

This is the song Jesus will take up. Or, rather, the Christmas stories are an interpretation of Jesus's song: 'I am your friend who lives by your faithfulness and dies when you betray him. As your friend, I am the beginning of your life. I am your bread, your wine, your light, your resurrection. And he who sees me as such a friend, has seen God. And blessed he who is not offended, who does not expect more'.

Too Late

The rich man—in Jesus's parable—did not realize how much he depended on the beggar outside his gate for the water of life, the spice of life. He realized when it was too late that there was nothing else that could have been done for him; not even if one rose from the dead. God had sat at his gate: he had not recognized him. And there is no other God.

To 'love God', to 'love Jesus', as the New Testament puts it, is to love my neighbours and my enemies as the disciples loved Jesus and he them. It is the desire to be loved as they and he wanted to be loved. To hope, in the New Testament sense of the word 'hope', is to begin to realize that our neighbour—or our enemy—is our Messiah; that apart from our fellow men we have no Messiah, no hope. To hope is to begin to understand that my neighbour—and my enemy—has every right to expect me to be his Messiah, his hope. (I hope when I would rather have my heart broken by the knowledge that I am failing and that my neighbour fails me, than to give up that hope.) To 'believe in God', that is to believe Jesus, is to meet others as he met them: as God and beggar, utterly responsible, utterly in need of response.

How did the Disciples Know?

How to know that such an attitude is feasible? How did the disciples know? How Abraham? Moses? How Dr. Schweitzer? Caiaphas and Pilate may have been right after all: most politicians still think so, and so do we who vote for them. 'Follow me', comes the voice of my neighbour, the voice of God. And I have to decide whether to listen to that voice or whether I would rather wait for another.

And the decision is one of hope and love and joy. Only what I follow in hope, love and joy can be my God. In a way—and this is the

paradox of life and of love—we can make the decision only when everything has been decided already: when I love, when I cannot help loving: when I am fascinated, captivated, teased by Jesus's words and by my fellow men.

I follow Jesus, who said such graceful things about his God, when—in the light of his words—I cannot help seeing my neighbour in all his glory and pathos: as the Word made flesh, as the flesh through which a God speaks. I believe Jesus when, in the light of his experience and his hope, I can no longer help loving my neighbour—or my enemy—and expecting great things from him, because

... he is all radiant and ruddy
distinguished among ten thousand.
His speech is most sweet,
and he is altogether desirable.

—Third Programme

David Hume

(concluded from page 1104)

years of tory ascendancy, was the standard History of England; and the whigs, driven back on their citadel of Holland House, knew their enemy. It was after reading Hume that Charles James Fox began and Sir James Mackintosh completed their rival whig versions of the Glorious Revolution, in order to correct 'the false impression which that great historian's partiality might have left on the mind of his readers'. But even Fox and Mackintosh had to follow where Hume led; they used the archives which he had discovered, and they accepted, however reluctantly, the conclusions which he and Dalrymple had established. Finally the greatest of all the Holland House historians set out deliberately to break, and did break, the spell of Hume. 'Hume', wrote Macaulay, 'is an accomplished advocate' who 'without positively asserting much more than he can prove' contrived to build up, by selective emphasis, a partisan case: he, Macaulay, had 'a more just conception of history...'. Like Hume, Macaulay thought of himself as impartial. But even Macaulay, that marvellously accomplished advocate, who was so skilful in selective emphasis, did not seek to set up again the 'ridiculous' whig conception of the eighteenth century. That had been shattered, with philosophic elegance, by the most elegant of British philosophers, temporarily turned historian, David Hume.—Third Programme

The Inscription

In a corner agile dreaming
turns around a small white dress.
In the meadows skies abandoned
cleansed with snow the wilderness.

Tenderly and with much looking,
children wait and know no fear.
Tenderly and with the summer
comes the greenness still and dear.

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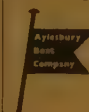
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The Sky at Night

Using Small Astronomical Telescopes

By PATRICK MOORE

THE GENERAL IDEA of an astronomical observatory is of a vast domed structure, housing a telescope powerful enough to photograph objects hundreds of millions of light-years away. This is a reasonably accurate picture of a great professional observatory. The largest telescope so far built is the 200-inch reflector at Palomar, in the United States; the most distant object recorded, the galaxy 3C—295 in the constellation of Boötes, is something like 5,000,000,000 light-years away, and is receding at almost half the speed of light.

Professional astronomers are naturally concerned mainly with studies of the universe as a whole, and large telescopes such as the Palomar reflector are seldom directed at our near neighbours of the Solar System, the Moon and planets. Indeed, it is only very recently, with the development of rocketry, that lunar and planetary research has started to come back into the official programmes. This has meant that the amateur has had a definite part to play, and the amateur astronomer can do valuable work—always provided, I would add, that he recognizes his limitations.

The logical first step to be taken by the beginner is to learn the various constellations. No equipment is needed for this other than a star-map and plenty of patience. Once the main groups have been identified, they may be used as 'pointers' for the rest, and a little practice will work wonders; it does not take more than a week or two to become at least reasonably familiar with the night sky. Winter is, moreover, a good time to start, since Orion and its brilliant retinue are at their best.

A telescope is of course highly desirable if astronomy is to become anything more than a casual interest, and this is often where difficulties begin. The unfortunate fact is that astronomical telescopes are not cheap, and it is bad policy to spend money on a very small instrument. A hand-held telescope, for example, will not be nearly so effective as good binoculars.

For proper observing it is essential to have a telescope which will give reasonable magnification. Telescopes are of two types; refractors, in which the light is collected by a lens termed an object-glass, and reflectors, in which the light-collection is done by a parabolic mirror. Generally speaking the refractor should have an object-glass at least 3 inches in diameter, while the minimum size for a reflector mirror should be 6 inches. Smaller telescopes will give pretty views of star-fields, various stellar objects, and the craters of the Moon, but are hardly adequate for the serious amateur.

If bought new, a 3-inch refractor will cost at least £30, and if it is fitted with a really good

mount the cost may be as much as £50. The price of a 6-inch reflector is comparable. This represents a considerable outlay (though it must be borne in mind that the costs of upkeep are virtually nil for the refractor, and small only for the reflector, since the mirrors need not be attended to very often). Second-hand telescopes are not so common as they used to be, doubtless because of the increasing popular interest in



The 'run-off' shed which formerly covered Patrick Moore's 12.5-inch reflector. It was in one piece, and moved on rails. It has now been revised, so that the new shed is in two parts which run back on rails in opposite directions, leaving the telescope in the middle

astronomy, but they can be obtained now and then at low cost.

A word of warning is necessary here. A second-hand reflector, particularly, may not be so good as it looks at first sight. If the mirror is poor, the performance also will be poor, and the only course will be to have the mirror drastically modified—which again increases the cost considerably. The solution here is to have the mirror optically tested before purchase. The same holds good for the object-glass of a refractor, though bad object-glasses are probably less common than bad mirrors.

Equally important, perhaps, is the question of mountings. Stability is not only desirable but is absolutely essential—which is why any attempt at holding the telescope by hand is doomed to failure from the outset. Many small refractors are sold upon the pillar-and-claw mount, which means that the telescope has to be set up upon a table. I have nicknamed the pillar-and-claw the 'blancmange mount', for reasons which will be obvious to anyone who has tried to use it. The slightest shaking will make the Moon or a star jerk about wildly in the field of view, and it will be hopeless to obtain proper observations. Fortunately there is generally no difficulty in removing the claw and transferring the telescope, on its pillar, to a tripod. This is superior in every way, but it must of course be solid, so that there is no appreciable shaking.

If the telescope is freely movable in every direction, set on a pillar in this way, the mounting is of the altazimuth type. It is convenient, and needs no setting whatsoever, but it has marked disadvantages. As the Earth rotates, celestial objects seem to move across the sky from east to west (movement in azimuth), while their altitude also changes constantly. When a reasonably high magnification is used, the field of telescope is naturally small, and the diurnal motion of the sky becomes painfully evident, so that the star seems to drift quickly across the field and disappear from sight. The telescope must be constantly moved so as to keep the object in view. With an altazimuth there must be two corrections—one in azimuth, the other in altitude—which is extremely awkward.

The difficulty is overcome by means of the equatorial mount, in which the main axis is pointed toward the pole of the sky, and is therefore parallel to the Earth's axis of rotation. Azimuth must still be allowed for, but the altitude changes will look after themselves, and the procedure is very much more convenient. If the telescope is driven by a clock drive, the star will remain in the field of view once the telescope has been clamped and the motor started. All large telescopes are equatorially mounted, and indeed could not be properly used otherwise.

An equatorial mount naturally increases the cost of a telescope, particularly if fitted with clock drive, but for the beginner's 3-inch refractor or 6-inch reflector it is by no means essential. Moreover, it means that the telescope will be hard to move about; the weight will be increased, and each time the telescope is shifted it has to be re-set, or the advantages of the equatorial will be lost. Generally speaking, any refractor with an object-glass larger than 4 inches in diameter must be regarded as non-portable. With a reflector the limit is about 6 inches for a Newtonian, though instruments on the Cassegrain principle are shorter, and the limit for portability is 8 inches or so.

If the telescope is to remain in a fixed position, perhaps mounted on a concrete pillar, it will have to be covered up when not in use. Car covers may be pressed into service, but an observatory is clearly better. The form need not be that of a dome; there is much to be said in favour of the run-off shed. The 12.5-inch reflector at my own observatory in East Grinstead is covered by a shed mounted on rails. The shed is built in two parts, and when the telescope is to be used the two sections of the shed are rolled back in opposite directions, leaving the telescope in the open. During winter observing has therefore to be a chilly process,

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but even a full-scale domed observatory does not help much, since it cannot be heated—otherwise the warm air inside the observatory will cause so much turbulence that seeing and definition will be ruined. (This is also why it is hopeless to try to use any astronomical telescope from indoors, by directing it through an open window. The oft-described 'roof-top observatory' is also most inefficient.

Choice of Eye-pieces

The choice of eye-pieces is of vital importance, since trying to use a good telescope with a poor eye-piece is rather like trying to use a good record-player with a bad needle. In theory, at least, all eye-pieces are interchangeable, so that any eye-piece may be used with any telescope, but there are obvious limitations. A common beginners' fault is to try to use too high a magnification. This means that the resulting image is hopelessly faint, and there is moreover a fatal lack of definition. It is better not to tolerate the slightest blurring; a smaller, sharp image is always far better than a blown-up, hazy picture. A magnification of 100 on a 3-inch refractor is usually satisfactory, though a lower power is desirable for objects such as star-clusters and the Milky Way.

The photographs published in books and articles are, in a way, slightly misleading to the beginner, who may expect to see—say—Saturn looking the size of an orange. In fact the pictures are smaller than sometimes expected, but practice means everything; the more you look, the more you will see.

Let us suppose that our beginner has acquired a small telescope, such as a 3-inch refractor, and is ready to begin observation. What is he to look at? The obvious first choice is the Sun, but great caution is necessary here: if the Sun's light and heat is focused on to the observer's eye, even for a second, the results will be disastrous, and will probably result in permanent blindness. The dark caps, which, it is said, may be fitted over the eye-piece for direct solar views are highly dangerous, and should never be used; they afford inadequate protection at best, and are always liable to crack or splinter without warning. To observe the Sun, the telescope should first be directed at the solar disk, an opaque cap being placed over the object-glass. Then remove the cap, and project the Sun's image on to a white paper or card screen. If this is done, the picture will be satisfactory, and any sunspots which may happen to be on view will be clearly seen. The temptation to have 'just one quick look' by direct vision should always be resisted, even when the Sun is masked by fog or mist and looks deceptively harmless.

In the case of the Moon there is no danger at all, even though the observer's eye may be temporarily dazzled. Curiously enough, full moon is the worst time to start lunar observation; the craters lack shadow, and details are lost in the general glare. Far better views are obtained when the Moon is crescent or half, when the craters along the terminator (the boundary between light and darkness) are filled with shadow, and appear very prominently. Here again it is not difficult to learn one's way about, and lunar maps may be obtained quite

cheaply, but it is worth noting that the appearance changes strikingly from night to night. For instance the large crater Eratosthenes, at one end of the Apennine mountain chain, is a splendid object when near the terminator; but at full moon, when the sun is shining straight down upon it and there are no shadows, it appears as a confused medley of light patches and streaks, so that the unpractised observer may have trouble in identifying it at all.

During the winter of 1961-62 there are no planets favourably visible. Jupiter and Saturn are still evening objects, and may be seen rather low in the south-west after sunset; Jupiter, the eastern of the two, is, by far the brighter. Unfortunately, both planets set not long after the Sun, and will not be even reasonably well placed again until next summer. Mars is out of view, on the far side of the Sun, and Venus also is badly placed, though for much of 1962 it will be a splendid evening star, so that its changing phase will be excellently seen with a small telescope.

Stellar objects are, on the contrary, very plentiful. A good first step is to use a low magnification (say 30 diameters) to scan the



Position of Mizar, the famous double star in the Great Bear—a splendid object for a small telescope

Milky Way with its rich star-fields. Then there are various star-clusters; pride of place goes to the Pleiades or Seven Sisters, in Taurus, in which the telescope will at once reveal many extra 'sisters'.* The Hyades, round Aldebaran, are more scattered, and the lowest available magnification should be used, so that the field of view is made as large as possible. Look also at the Sword-Handle in Perseus, not far from the W of Cassiopeia, which consists of two separate clusters in the same field. Between the two clusters lies a faint reddish star; this may be seen with a 3-inch refractor.

Different in character is the Sword of Orion, below the three bright stars which make up the Hunter's Belt. This is a gaseous nebula, and is particularly important to astronomers because it seems to be one of the numerous regions in which fresh stars are being born out of interstellar material. In the nebula lies the famous multiple star, Theta Orionis, commonly nicknamed the Trapezium; all four main stars are easy objects with a moderate power.

Double stars also are common. One of the most spectacular is Mizar, the second star in the tail of the Great Bear (or the handle of the Plough). Alcor, the faint star close to Mizar, is easily visible with the naked eye on a clear night; our small telescope will reveal that Mizar itself is made up of two, while between this pair and Alcor lies yet another faint star. Castor, the senior but fainter member of the Twins (Castor and Pollux) is another fine double, though less easy to separate with a low magnification. The Pole Star, Polaris, has a faint companion which may be glimpsed with a 2-inch refractor, and is easy with a 3-inch. These

are only a few of the many double stars visible in the winter sky.

It is also true to say that useful astronomical work may be carried out with a small telescope. A 3-inch refractor is barely adequate for lunar studies, and is of very limited use on the planets, but telescopic variable stars are well shown, and observations of long-period and irregular stars are of great value. A more detailed star-map is of course needed, together with a good knowledge of the sky, but anyone who is anxious to make himself (or herself) useful will find a rich field of opportunity here.

It may often happen that the beginner is disinclined to spend £30 or so on a telescope, and is unable to find anything suitable second-hand. In this case it is always worth making a start by constructing a small refractor out of cheap lenses and cardboard tubes. The lenses may be obtained from various opticians' shops, though again they are less common than formerly and some hunting may have to be carried out: the object-glass should be 1½ to 2 inches across, with a focal length of about 2 feet, and the eyepiece lens smaller and with a shorter focal length. (Jewellers' eyepieces will often serve here.) The eyepiece tube should slide in and out of the object-glass tube, to allow for focusing, and the whole instrument should be mounted, preferably upon a wooden tripod. The construction is easy enough once the lenses have been obtained. Since the object-glass will certainly be of poor quality by astronomical standards, the results will be imperfect; there will be considerable false colour, and the field of view will be inconveniently small. Nevertheless, such an instrument will be far better than nothing at all.

Lens-grinding is beyond any but the very experienced amateur with proper facilities, and if the would-be observer wants, say, a 3-inch refractor he has no alternative but to buy it. Mirror-making, however, is a different matter, and anyone who has enough patience, together with reasonable skill, can make a perfectly serviceable 6-inch or even 8-inch mirror. The mounting is a sheer problem of mechanics. The main requirement is that it should be firm, so that shaking of the telescope is eliminated as far as possible. The tube may be square and wooden; there need not even be a solid tube at all, since for reflectors the skeleton form of tube is quite satisfactory.

Joining a Society

Lastly, it is always worth while for the beginner to join some society. Many towns have their own local societies, and on a national basis there is the British Astronomical Association, which is predominantly amateur. In this way the newcomer to astronomy will meet others with interests similar to his own, and will be able to compare his observations with those made by others.

In any case there is always a tremendous amount of enjoyment to be gained from making a hobby out of astronomy; the skies are always changing, and there is always something new to see. Moreover, astronomy is one of the few sciences where the amateur is still able to contribute something of value, even if he has had limited technical training and can use only relatively modest equipment.

—Based on the Television programme of December 20

* In the November 'Sky at Night' programme, viewers were asked to co-operate in finding out how many stars in the Pleiades were clearly visible to the unaided eye on a clear night. Details of the number of stars seen, together with a rough sketch and the observer's name and address, were to be sent, on a postcard, to 'The Sky at Night, B.B.C. Television Centre, London, W.12'. The programme was however shown only in the south-east area, since the regions were broadcasting an international football match, and in order that the experiment can cover all Britain it has been extended for an extra month.—P.M.

Round the London Art Galleries

By KEITH SUTTON

WHILE MOST of the art we see in London nowadays is the product of subtle and complex equations, every now and then we find an exhibition such as Alan Lowndes's, at the Crane Kalman Gallery, which causes us to think in terms of plain, four-square painting, and the critic begins to reach for a word like 'integrity'. Once these pictures, mostly concerned with life in the backstreets of Stockport, begin to hold the attention, that initial response is seen to be altogether too simple an estimation, not least in the assumption that the 'plain-speaking' man, or the artist who chooses to represent pictorially a 'plain-speaking' society, is the only one with integrity. The artist working in a realist style like Lowndes has a peculiar problem in that he has to check his aesthetics with a reality which we can check on too: he must not lose or forget the original impulses which made him want to paint rather than photograph his environment: he must continually be on the look out against being caught between learning to be too clever and developing a simulated simplicity.

Lowndes has so far managed to tackle his problems one at a time, and shows every sign of pursuing his own way doggedly. His paint quality remains consistent in its scabbled textures, so that two pictures six years apart could not be distinguished on surface values alone. He uses colour to intensify the mood over all the picture; areas are separated more by line than tone. The movement and vivacity of his figures comes from their activities being related to one another in the literal sense rather than their being aesthetically disposed around the picture; furthermore his good humour is less expressed by quaintness or whimsicality than by constructive observation, such as the people in 'Mealhouse Brow' who choose to walk up the middle of the road rather than on the pavement.

In front of Max Chapman's collages *noyées* at the New Vision Centre one is aware that the artist has simplified his aesthetic problems so that he may explore and exhibit the subtleties of his particular working method, as a gardener might experiment to discover variety in a favourite species instead of pursuing a single ideal bloom. The paper collage foundation of his pictures is partly modelled into relief which is then literally 'drowned' by very liquid washes of paint; these aqueous veils disclose as much as they hide, for they gather thickly into the channels and crevices already explored by the artist's fingers. The close analogy with the workings of nature is upheld by the feeling of there being sky above and ground below and light radiating from the mists in these pictures; but ambiguity is introduced by the colouring of the richer and

more sombre of them, a colouring not so much suggestive of night as of more fairy situations.

Elegance of method and of intended effect is visible in the work of Nasser Assar at the Lincoln Gallery. We are informed in the catalogue that Persian writing, from which inspira-

assurance and integrity. His new self-contained 'Vertical Images' stand by the conviction of their bravura execution and without references to external phenomena. His paint runs on and merges with the smooth paper with a great sensitivity to variety of texture, from sprayed or speckled mists of silver to the liquid treacle-like edges of dark, brown-black paint. Whatever Bowen owed to Pollock's drip-paintings in the past has now been absorbed, and is here thrown up in purely personal figments which mark an advance in his expressive powers.

In the same exhibition are two drawings by Bernard Cohen, which relate to recent pictures like the one seen in the New London Situation. Shapes which in the paintings have a clean edge, are, in these drawings, pushed about and worked into by the rough instinctive gestures of the hand, and thereby gain a force and a character which are subdued in the soft colouring and precise delineation of the paintings. Also to be noted here among a variety of prints, drawings, and sculptures are two small stone carvings by Buky Schwartz.

Two groups of silk screen prints, with the satisfying density of pigment which this process provides, stand out in a lively exhibition of lithographs, drawings, and small paintings at the Paris Gallery. Mondrian and Vasarely are both artists who wish to enhance life. They first of all work on us by means of optical brilliance, but on the knife-edges of their *gestalt* practices they balance contemplation and energy.

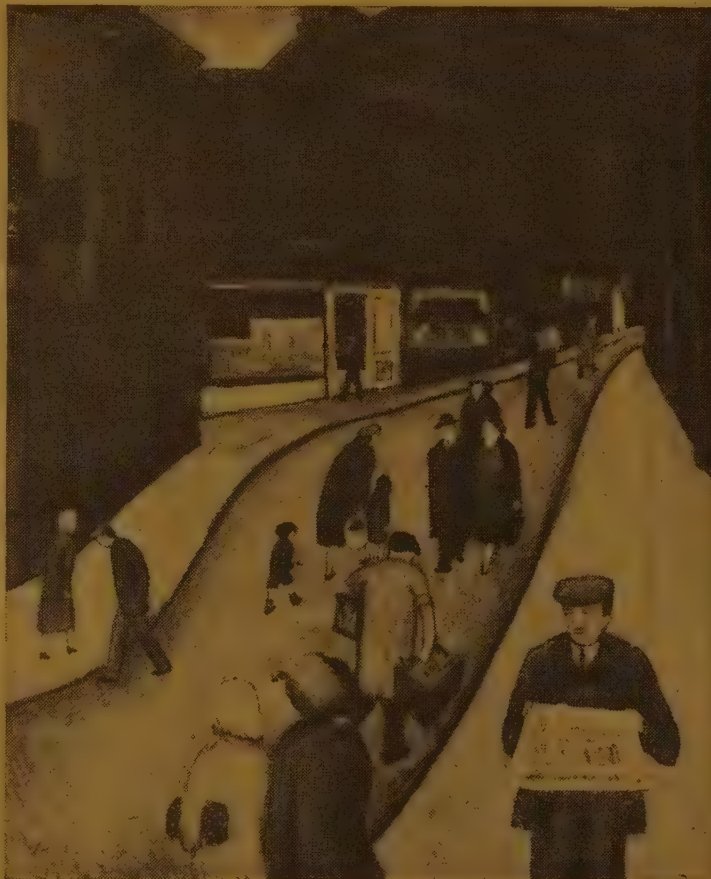
The Seven Arts Gallery in its opening exhibition also has a varied set of prints, including a wall of well-selected lithographs by Marc Chagall. Of more unusual

interest, however, are the engravings of Morandi: delicate, almost wisps of relationship between landscape features or objects on a table, they hold up to continued contemplation like twilight conversations.

Delicacy and charm held down by a more stringent control of technical means, which might run away with a slacker temperament, are visible in the gouaches of Rikko, which have joined the sophisticated burnt offerings of Rezvani at the Hanover Gallery. The somewhat more rumbustious implications of surrealism are given witty and alert expression in the collages of Baj, which stand out in a mixed show called 'D'Arte Italiano' at the Obelisk Gallery.

The Collector's Dictionary of Glass by E. M. Elville (Country Life, £8 8s.) is described as the first fully comprehensive work of reference on the subject. It contains a large number of illustrations.

The Connoisseur Year Book, 1962 has been published by the Ebury Press at 30s.



'Mealhouse Brow' (1961): from the exhibition of paintings by Alan Lowndes at the Crane Kalman Gallery, 178 Brompton Road, S.W.3

tion these paintings obviously spring, often follows its own esoteric laws in pursuit of beauty to the point where even experts cannot decipher the words; unlike the more familiar calligraphy of the Chinese where, I believe, precision and legibility are of paramount importance. This, if I have got it right, helps to explain a subtle distinction between Assar's paintings and those by artists who base their painting-calligraphy on the Chinese model. Chinese brushwork makes things look easy, as skating looks easy, but at the same time retains the tensions lurking behind superlative skills; the flowing and very liquid gestural images in these pictures are relaxed to the point where chance takes over—some of them work very beautifully, some of them do not. At the same time they do combine the sensations of reflection and gaiety of spirit which pleasantly dispose the viewer to linger with them.

Denis Bowen's recent graphic paintings, to be seen in a mixed exhibition at the Molton Gallery, are certainly elegant, but they also have

Letters to the Editor

The Atlantic Dilemma

Sir,—Underlying Mr. Alastair Buchan's thoughtful and informative talk (THE LISTENER, December 14) on the question of the control of the nuclear deterrent is the presumption that it is, in the last resort, usable, even to its full extent.

But this presumption depends for its validity on the answers to more fundamental questions, namely:

(1) Can there be any true human interest which could be served by, or could justify, the initiation, by any nation, in any circumstances, of an all-out nuclear war?

(2) Can there be any true human interest which could be served by, or could justify, the additional destruction which would result from full-scale nuclear retaliation to a full-scale nuclear attack?

These are not questions that can be set aside and forgotten. They are of cardinal importance; and the answers to them, whatever they may be, must lie at the root of all our defence thinking.

Our basic dilemma lies deeper than the question of control. It springs from the fact that we feel compelled, in defence against blackmail, to equip ourselves with weapons which we can only use at the risk of destroying, along with ourselves, the interests and values which we seek to preserve.—Yours, etc.,

Farnham

A. H. NORMAN

Sir,—Mr. Alastair Buchan has given an authoritative account of part of the Atlantic dilemma, but surely it has more horns than those he lists. He attributes the present malaise in Nato to the increasing number and lethality of nuclear weapons on both sides, their introduction as 'tactical' weapons, the development of British and now French nuclear strike forces, and the growing economic vitality of Western Europe.

The following three factors seem at least equally important: (1) The swift and grinding changes in military doctrine. Five years ago, tactical nuclear weapons seemed the answer to the soldier's prayer and a blessed release from massive retaliation. No longer. At that time, Henry Kissinger was arguing for a limited nuclear war capacity. Now he has come down one, and argues for conventional capacity. Three years ago, I was arguing for a British-founded non-nuclear club and two years ago Mr. Buchan was arguing for a Nato strategic deterrent mounted on railway trucks and canal barges. Now he is arguing for increased European *contrôle* in Nato and I am arguing for general and comprehensive disarmament. This is not because any of us are inconsequential weather-cocks but because technical innovations keep pouring out and upsetting the former picture. An analysis of the way they do this has been Herman Kahn's most valuable contribution to the great debate. Long before Nato can breathlessly catch up with the present technological situation, we shall have anti-missile missiles, and perhaps fission-free fusion weapons as well. The

anti-missile missile would put an end to deterrent strategy as we know it.

(2) The longer countries possess, and thus know, nuclear weapons, the more does informed opinion doubt the possibility of fighting with them at all. How do communications work on a nuclear battlefield? What happens to morale? Soldiers can still fight in the Congo and Algeria, but not where Nato faces the Warsaw Pact.

(3) The wide differences in experience of possessing nuclear weapons. The American Government knows the limitations and dangers of nuclear weapons, but it is still in the grip of the arms race. The British Government is just beginning to emerge from a rash infatuation with tactical nuclear weapons. France still dreams of the magic joys of one's own ultimate bang, and, back along the line, Western Germany slavers at the mention.

It is only by omitting these three causes of tension that Mr. Buchan can ignore the fact that the Atlantic dilemma is part of the price we pay for the current arms race. Nato exists for our security. It creaks and groans because nothing can give security in the middle of an arms race of totally unprecedented speed, size, and danger. The way to security is very carefully to dismantle the arms race, not just to patch up committee structures and give people 'a genuine sense of participation'.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.2

WAYLAND YOUNG

From Birmingham to Munich

Sir,—I was pleased to see the dilemma facing Neville Chamberlain over Czechoslovakia so clearly posed by Mr. de Hevesy.

While in 1919 no solution of central European problems was possible exclusively on the basis of ethnic self-determination (since this would have involved more fragmentation than even the Trianon and St. Germain treaties allowed), it remains true that the partial solution on these lines was weighted against the Austrians and Magyars. When demands backed by force for treaty revision were made, Britain and France could either oppose them effectively with Soviet help (as Litvinov favoured) or agree to them. Both solutions entailed injustice to oppressed minorities—one through Nazi penetration of the area, the other through Soviet support of, and influence over, the *status quo*. Whichever policy he chose, Chamberlain could not avoid doing an injustice to someone in Central Europe.

None of the mutually hostile states that arose on the ruins of the Dual Monarchy had any real independence, and the circumstances of Czechoslovakia's and Yugoslavia's foundation merely reproduced the racial animosities within Austria-Hungary in a more acute form. Hence domination of the area by one or other of its powerful neighbours was only a matter of time.

Probably this development could have been avoided had not Masaryk's influence over President Wilson been sufficient to secure the rejection of the October 4, 1918, peace note of Burian, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister

(which entailed an almost complete acceptance of the Fourteen Points). When, soon after, America withdrew the tenth Point (promising only regional autonomy to the nationalities of the Empire) Austria-Hungary was doomed.

The Allies had forgotten Talleyrand's judgment on Austria: '*Une telle puissance est nécessairement faible. Mais elle est, contre les barbares, un boulevard suffisant, comme elle est un boulevard nécessaire*'.—Yours, etc.,

Hockley

CYRIL POHL

Photography and Architecture

Sir,—Mr. de Maré is almost convincing in his defence of architectural magazine photography. What is more, I am at a disadvantage, because not only could I almost agree with most of his arguments, but I also happen to admire his own beautiful pictures as well. Nevertheless, he cannot be allowed to get away with it so easily.

For a start, I think that however architects may be charmed by colour, successful use of colour is another kettle of fish. Few people have a sure colour sense—but how many schools of architecture test prospective students for colour-blindness; let alone give a comprehensive training in colour-relationships? So that when the 'glossies' seem to say that colour isn't worth reporting, and that black and white shows things just as well (if not better), I am quite sure that many an honest designer breathes a sigh of relief and subconsciously persuades himself that maximum contrast is a good, safe bet, and that 'crispness' and 'sparkle' are O.K. terms, the application of which will at any rate make his buildings worthy of illustration. But as Mr. de Maré observes, the *Architectural Review* does a good job in many respects—so perhaps it is really all a dreadful mistake; an accidental by-product of the shocking expense of colour-printing, and by no means the result of a dictatorship of the achromatariat who stalk white trim and reluctant sunbeam for purely artistic reasons. Accidental or not, the influence is there—for good or, as I think, probably bad.

As for the need to show a building at its best, this is no doubt a natural temptation not only experienced by architects and photographers; but it is surely one which wants watching. After all, as Mr. de Maré says, where is your black-and-white photograph without sun and sparkle? This is quite some limitation, isn't it, so far as architecture in Britain is concerned? A big enough limitation, one would think, to render suspect almost any black and white reportage.

We do not photograph buildings in impenetrable fog, says Mr. de Maré. No, Sir; neither can we see them in the dark, nor yet when we look the other way. Is this an argument for maximum contrast, or absence of colour, or what? Incidentally, *Domus*, an Italian glossy magazine illustrating approximately the same range of subject-matter as the *Architectural Review*, always shows at least one coloured shot of the buildings it examines; besides carefully arranging its shots to overlap and give an impression of the roving eye. I think

this does give one a more factual report, and yet artistry is also present.

Lastly, I think it worth saying that, although there may be many facets of a truth, this is not to deny that objective truth exists.

Yours, etc.,

Birmingham, 16 C. FLEETWOOD-WALKER

Public Libraries

Sir,—Mr. John Braine (THE LISTENER, December 14) wonders if we in Britain realize how lucky we are, as in 1955 there was only one town—in Wales—without a public library service. There is another exception: the City of London has no municipal public lending library, and only one of its private libraries will obtain books from other libraries, and then only non-fiction books, and the borrower must pay postage.

Let us hope that before the new residential area of over 2,000 dwellings on the Barbican site is started, the City will recognize a responsibility for those who must live and work within its boundaries, and provide them with a library system which at least equals that of the rest of the country.—Yours, etc.,

London, E.C.1

CHARMIAN ROGERS

A. E. Housman

Sir,—Housman's criticism of Bücheler, Leo and Vahlen were in substance justifiable. What

I find less so is the tone in which they were expressed. Whether one is speaking of these men as scholars or as editors, 'second-rate' does not seem to me an appropriate word to use; and I find it strange that Dr. Shackleton Bailey, who defends its use, should at the same time accuse me of having 'denigrated' Housman. Anyone who troubles to look at what I said may judge for himself of the truth of Dr. Bailey's charge.

Yours, etc.,

Oxford

HUGH LLOYD-JONES

Thurber as a Master of Words

Sir,—Thurber's ingenious palindrome (quoted by Mr. Kenneth Tynan in THE LISTENER of December 21) contains no verb. A longer one is: 'Dog as a devil deified lived as a god'. I don't know who made it up. Napoleon comes third (twenty-one letters) with: 'Able was I ere I saw Elba'.—Yours, etc.,

L. Totham

W. F. WOOLNER-BIRD

Where Two Seas Meet

Sir,—Mr. P. Hammet's arguments as to the place where St. Paul landed in Malta depend—like mine—upon the translation of *Topon diathalasson*. The King James's Version gives: 'And falling into a place where two seas met, they ran the ship aground . . .'. There seems to me no reason to query this translation. But even if, as I did, one translates it as a 'place of two

seas', I do not see that anywhere quite meets the case except the Kemmuna Channel. As I pointed out, it is one of the few places in the Mediterranean where two seas do quite literally 'meet'.

Mr. Hammet says that 'the weakest point in [my] theory is meteorological', because, if the Gregale had been blowing the current in the strait would have carried the ship past the island. I cannot agree with this—for the very good reason that I have anchored in the Kemmuna strait when a Gregale was blowing. Returning from Sicily a few years ago in a ten-ton yacht, I took shelter in the lee of Kemmuna islet rather than face the run down the lee shore of Malta to Grand Harbour.

It could be argued that Euroclydon was not the north-east Gregale, but a true east wind. In this case the bay, Il Mats, on the west of Kemmuna (which was the one that I anchored in) would provide even better shelter, *The Admiralty Pilot for the Mediterranean*, volume I, after describing the hazards of the Kemmuna Channel, goes on: 'Anchorage can be obtained, in depths of from 9 to 12 fathoms, in Il Mats'.

One last point: there is no depth of 'fifty fathoms' between Marfa and Kemmuna. The greatest depth given for this area on the current Admiralty chart is nineteen fathoms, in the centre between Marfa point and Kemmuna.

Yours, etc.,

Old Hastings

ERNLE BRADFORD

Bridge against Bogey—Heat IV

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



THE FOURTH COUNTY to take part in the current series of par contests on Network Three was Yorkshire, represented by Mr. I. Manning, Mr. E. Newman, Mr. J. Bloomberg, and Mr. J. Hochwald.

In Hand 1 (see column three), South dealer, love all, Mr. Hochwald unexpectedly forced with Two Hearts over his partner's One Diamond, but the partnership managed to stay in 3 N.T., which scored the maximum points. The recommended auction, on which the play had to be based, was as follows:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 D	No	1 H	No
2 D	No	2 S	No
2 N.T.	No	3 N.T.	No
No	No		

The directed lead for West was the ten of spades. East won with the king and returned a spade, taking out the quick entry for declarer's diamonds.

The best that South can do now is to lead a diamond to the queen and return a low club from the table. If East makes the natural play of a low club, declarer will finesse the eight and later gain entry for his good diamonds. East can prevent this either by playing the king on the first round of clubs and the jack on the second, or by going up with the jack immediately.

East went wrong at this point, but was directed to put in the jack, which was headed by the queen and ace. When later South played the four of clubs from the table, East went up with

the king, so that South was never able to enter his hand to run the diamonds.

The Yorkshire players dropped 8 points in the course of the play, finishing with 7 out of 15.

In Hand 2 (see column three), North dealer, love all, North-South had to reach five clubs, and this they did as follows:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
Mr. Bloomberg	Mr. Newman	Mr. Hochwald	Mr. Manning
-	-	1 C	1 S
2 C	No	3 C	3 H
4 C	4 H	5 C	No
No	5 H	No	No
Dble.	No	No	No

West's Five Hearts was possibly imprudent and cost his side a point.

Against the directed contract of Five Clubs by North, East leads the jack of spades. When West plays the king, declarer should have the foresight to unblock by dropping the queen. West switches to a heart and declarer goes up with the ace. Then he finesses the nine of spades, throws queen of hearts on ace of spades, ruffs dummy's second heart, and exits with a club. Now East is on play: he must either concede a ruff and discard, or lead a diamond up to the A Q.

Mr. Hochwald did not at first see the unblock of the queen of spades, but thereafter made no mistake. Yorkshire scored 11 out of 15 on this second hand. Their total of 18 out of 30 put them into second place, Lancashire having registered the best score of 24.

Hand 1

NORTH

♠ A 6 5 3
♥ A K 8 7 5
♦ Q
♣ 10 4 2

WEST

♠ 10 9 8 7
♥ J 4 2
♦ 8 7 3
♣ A 5 3

EAST

♠ K 4 2
♥ Q 10 9
♦ J 9 6
♣ K J 7 6

SOUTH

♠ Q J
♥ 6 3
♦ A K 10 5 4 2
♣ Q 9 8

Hand 2

NORTH

♠ Q 6
♥ A Q
♦ A Q
♣ Q J 10 7 6 5 3

WEST

♠ K 3 2
♥ 8 6 4 2
♦ 10 9 8 4 2
♣ 9

EAST

♠ J 10 8 7 4
♥ K J 10 7 3
♦ K 6
♣ A

SOUTH

♠ A 9 5
♥ 9 5
♦ J 7 5 3
♣ K 8 4 2

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The Listener's Book Chronicle

Black Mother. By Basil Davidson.
Gollancz. 25s.

Reviewed by ROLAND OLIVER

TWO YEARS AGO Basil Davidson gave us, in *Old Africa Rediscovered*, an important and extremely well-written survey of the state of the evidence on the African Iron Age. One of the main conclusions of that survey was that many parts of Africa were nearer to civilization a thousand years ago, and five hundred years ago, than they were a century ago. A hundred years ago the medieval cities of the East Coast of Africa were in ruins. Of the society that had produced Zimbabwe and the other stone buildings of Southern Rhodesia there was so little sign that the Europeans of southern Africa attributed them to an earlier generation of immigrants from overseas. The kingdom of Kongo, which in the late fifteenth century had perhaps two million subjects, had shrunk four centuries later to a few poor villages around San Salvador. The palace sculptors of Benin, who in late medieval times had been producing some of the world's greatest art, had become coarsened, and their counterparts at Ife had disappeared. Though nineteenth-century explorers and conquerors were impressed by the towns of northern Nigeria and the western Sudan, they could not easily understand that, six hundred years before, these towns had been among the wealthiest of the Islamic world, and that famous scholars had taught in their schools and mosques.

Reflecting upon the causes of this widespread decline, Mr. Davidson has come increasingly surely to the view that the overseas slave trade driven by the nations of Europe from the fifteenth century till the nineteenth must be held mainly responsible, and this is the subject of his new book.

I have no doubt that Mr. Davidson is right in rejecting absolutely the stock argument of the colonial apologist, that there was slavery in Africa before ever the slave trader came to exploit it. There was a world of difference between the domestic slavery practised in most of Africa and the slavery practised in mines and on plantations across the Atlantic. There was a world of difference, too, in the scale and the methods of supply. The Atlantic trade became a devouring monster, which set kingdom against kingdom and tribe against tribe. It brutalized all who took part in it, Africans as well as Europeans. Above all, it excluded practically every other type of commerce, and impeded and hopelessly compromised such non-commercial contacts as those of the Christian missionary.

Mr. Davidson's history of the growth of the Atlantic trade is brilliantly done. He is probably right in saying that it was the scale of the Atlantic trade which differentiated it from the much older slave trade northwards across the Sahara and westwards across the Indian Ocean. One must remember, however, as Davidson does not always succeed in doing, that not all nasty things came from Europe, that the filling of harems and of slave-armies might be as vicious as the manning of Brazilian mines, and that at

least King Sugar did not require the services of eunuchs.

The second half of the book is markedly lighter-weight than the first. There is a great deal of written evidence about the Congo-Angola region during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but Davidson's account of events there is thin and not very accurate. He fails to convey the essential contrast between the Kongo kingdom, with which Portuguese relations were normally commercial, and Angola, where they were nakedly military. And, perhaps because he is unwilling to face the undoubted fact of widespread cannibalism, he never mentions the crucial role of the Jaga, the bands of organized brigands which nomadized around the frontiers of the Portuguese colony, supplied with Portuguese arms, and themselves the main suppliers of the Angolan slave trade. It was the northward raiding of the Jaga which provoked the ultimate collisions between the Kongo kingdom and the Portuguese in Angola.

The East African section is likewise a rather disappointing miscellany of unrelated titbits. Here, one would have thought, was a splendid opportunity to illustrate the main theme of the book—by showing the economic strangulation of the East Coast cities by the Portuguese seizure of the Rhodesian trade on which they mainly lived, and then by following in detail the process by which the Portuguese on the Zambezi reduced the African dynasty of the Monomatapas from independent allies to despised puppets ruling a mere rump of their former kingdom. This would have led in turn to a consideration of why, according to the latest findings of Rhodesian archaeology, the period of Portuguese activity in the Zambezi valley coincided with the greatest development of stone building on the plateau to the south of it.

The point that the author consistently fails to make throughout the book is that while disaster overtook most of the African societies which came into direct contact with Europeans from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries, those which lived at one or two removes from the new trade outlets were often gainers rather than losers. This is a point which can be illustrated equally well in the great growth of Lunda states along the trade routes leading to Loanda in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and of course, supremely, in the growth of states in the forest belt of Guinea during the same period.

A Victorian Poacher. Edited and introduced by Garth Christian. Oxford. 12s. 6d.

The poacher, with his nets and ferrets and gun, is practically a bygone in the village life of today, a reminder, like the horse and the reaper, of a rural way of life that is already history. Books about him, and even books by him, appeal as much for the light they throw on the times as for any revelation of poaching techniques.

The latest addition to this considerable literature is an admirable example of the genre. With no education, James Hawker (born 1853) nevertheless contrives to tell his tale so that it not only lights up the man himself but also reveals

the social and political tensions of his day—tensions which were largely responsible for the poaching in which he excelled. Driven by hunger to become a poacher, he remained one out of liking for the skills and hazards involved. And it was typical of him that, although he was stubbornly against the gentry, he won good friends among them and was given permission to shoot and trap on their land; but, since he poached more for revenge than for gain, such permission merely took 'the sugar out of the ginger bread'.

Although he spoke strongly against 'the Class', he spoke no less strongly against the inertia, cowardice, and, above all, drunkenness of his fellow villagers. He was progressive; and it is indicative that, at a time when farm-hands were still blaming their troubles on the advent of the machine, he quoted Bradlaugh with approval: 'When men are wise, they will see that the more machinery is introduced, the better for them'.

Such men have always been the salt of village life—though they are not always as much appreciated as Hawker seems to have been, since at one time he was elected to the School Board of his village, Oadby, in Northampton. It is fortunate for us that in his old age he felt impelled to put down on paper this 'Rough Sketch of my Rough Life', as likeable to the general run of countrymen for its vivid account of his poaching exploits as it is valuable to the historian.

C. HENRY WARREN

Shelley and his Circle, 1773-1822. Edited by Kenneth Neill Cameron. 2 vols.
Oxford. £9 9s.

There is something grotesque about these heavy tomes—not in design, for which the great typographer, Bruce Rogers, was responsible, but in conception. It is as though a swarm of very small bees had been preserved in a mountain of amber. The late Carl F. Pforzheimer (1879-1957) was a rich American bibliomaniac who accumulated during his lifetime 'one of the greatest rare-book and manuscript libraries in private hands'. His zeal extended to what his son, in a foreword, calls 'human and revealing association items'. The collection begins with a Gutenberg Bible and ends with such contemporary items as the original manuscript of *When We Were Very Young*. A complete catalogue of the library is in course of publication. What we are given in the present volumes (the first two of an eventual eight) is the material relating to one group of items, 'Shelley and his Circle'—manuscripts, autograph letters, diaries, corrected pages, etc. The main writers whose manuscripts are published include William Godwin, Mary Wollstonecraft, Leigh Hunt, Thomas Love Peacock, Byron, Hogg, Trelawny, Mary Shelley, and Shelley himself. From Godwin's youth to the death of Shelley the library has more than 450 manuscripts, some 220 of them by Shelley; from the death of Shelley into the third quarter of the nineteenth century, an additional 1,200 manuscripts.

The problem of presenting and publishing all

this material is described in eighteen pages on 'editorial procedures', to be read carefully by anyone who wishes to make full use of the volumes. The 'procedures' are elaborate and extend to a description of the quality of the paper on which a letter is written (wove or laid) and the form of the watermarks. Textual notes, collations and footnotes follow as a matter of course. The arrangement is then in chronological groups, each group provided with a biographical introduction. These are excellent—short essays on Godwin, Mary Wollstonecraft, Peacock, Leigh Hunt, and the rest from the hand of the editor himself or one of his assistants, those by Dr. Eleanor Louise Nicholes on Mary Wollstonecraft and Peacock being outstandingly good.

An indiscriminate publication of all this material so carefully collected was probably inevitable, but much of it is inevitably trivial—promissory notes from the impecunious Godwin, a schoolgirlish diary of Harriet Grove, Hogg's doggerel verses, invitations and receipts, drafts and corrections of poems and letters. Since the editorial commentaries are so detailed, all this material is forged into some kind of unity with what is really important—the letters that reveal the nascent mind of Shelley. But one must bring to so much exposure of the roots of romantic poetry an already clear idea of its achievements if one is to avoid disenchantment. One ends by being amazed that so much of so little importance should have survived, and then by being still more amazed by the golden ferretty that can succeed in unearthing it and reassembling it for the delectation of scholiasts. These volumes are not intended for the general public, but they will be rifled by the middlemen of literature and in the end the common reader will benefit.

HERBERT READ

French Porcelain. By Hubert Landais.

French Eighteenth-century Furniture.

By Geneviève Souchal.

Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 27s. 6d. each

These are the two first volumes to deal with the arts in an entertaining series addressed to English readers and issued by an English publisher. That they should both be concerned with the French decorative arts of the eighteenth century may at first seem paradoxical but there are excellent if perhaps not very obvious reasons why this is so. England is far richer than any other country in the world (including France itself) both in French furniture and Sèvres porcelain (with which M. Landais's book is largely concerned). Although both the books under review are written by French museum officials, two English museums alone, the Wallace Collection and the Victoria and Albert Museum, provide not far short of half the plates in each. In addition, whatever may be thought of the merits of painting in eighteenth-century France (and admirers of Italian art sometimes take a very superior attitude towards it), few would deny that the decorative arts were carried to a pitch of excellence which has perhaps never been surpassed.

With furniture it was the survival of the medieval guild system—with its emphasis on tradition, specialization, supervision of quality by guild officials, the 'just price', and a careful adjustment of supply to demand—which made

for the highest standards of craftsmanship. At least four specialists were required to make even a chair; a *menuisier* to construct the frame, a *sculpteur* to carve it, a *doreur* to do the gilding, and a *tapisier* to upholster it. Members of other guilds might be called in if it was veneered, or had gilt-bronze mounts or mechanical fittings. Each was a specialist trained through long years of apprenticeship in one small area of craftsmanship; he could not and was not permitted to practice any other *métier* than his own. The results were often of supreme technical excellence, but prices were high. Louis XV had to pay over 62,000 *livres* (not far short of £60,000 today) for the great roll-top desk made by Oeben and Riesener for his *Cabinet* at Versailles where it can still be seen; and he had to watch its careful production continuing through nine long years. This was by no means a record. His successor paid even more highly for a secrétaire commissioned from Roëntgen.

But, above all, it was the existence of a small, wealthy society prepared to pay heavily for the comfort and elegance of their surroundings which made the creation of these *de luxe* objects possible. Louis XVI's aunt, Madame Victoire, declared, sinking into a *bergère* armchair: '*J'aime trop les commodités de la vie; voilà un fauteuil que me perd*'. The King, for instance, not content with subsidizing the Sèvres factory to the tune of 96,000 *livres* (i.e., nearly £100,000) a year, also purchased a considerable part of its output and compelled his courtiers to do likewise by annual sales held under his own eye at Versailles. The great noblemen like the Duc d'Orléans or the Prince de Condé, who took the smaller factories under their wing, were no less open handed.

Such is the background against which M. Landais and Mme. Souchal discuss their respective subjects. If they make no particularly original contribution to specialist knowledge (which would be out of place in books of this type), each is widely read in their subject and there seems nothing in recent research which they have overlooked. Both can be highly recommended as handbooks of up-to-date information.

Unfortunately neither has been well served by the publisher. Most of the objects illustrated seem wrapped in a semi-penetrable fog in which all significant detail is lost. The colour plates are even less helpful. Indeed, only those printed on the glossy dust-jackets are of any value at all. M. Landais's book reads easily, but Mme Souchal is less fortunate in her translator. Who, for instance, would guess that 'surfaced with marble' was intended to indicate that the furniture was surmounted by a marble slab?

F. J. B. WATSON

Free-born John. A Biography of John Lilburne.

By Pauline Gregg. Harrap. 30s.

The story of John Lilburne and the Levellers has long been a subject of absorbing interest to American scholars. Some of them have found in these seventeenth century 'democrats' by way of John Locke the basic ideas of the Founding Fathers: a written constitution grounded upon a fundamental law, sovereignty resting with the people through manhood suffrage, and natural rights reserved from the jurisdiction of the legislative body. More recent studies by English scholars, including the author of this book, have been inclined to

redress this emphasis. For example, Miss Gregg sees Locke, because of his deep concern for property, in the tradition of Lilburne's great opponents, Cromwell and the Army Grandees. Modern echoes of the Levellers are to be found, she contends, in the Chartist movement because in both instances one may find, and this is the crux of her interpretation, a social and economic movement expressing itself in a demand for political reform.

Miss Gregg sees the Levellers primarily as an artisan and tradesman class, working essentially within a capitalist economy for a social programme which includes the abolition of monopolies and tithes, reduction of the excise, help for the poor, aid to widows and orphans, and provisions for hospitals and schools among other reform measures. As a decaying class its ideal society was 'a small peasant proprietorship' and 'small commercial and manufacturing units'. It failed to achieve its goals because it excluded from the franchise the landless labourers and industrial wage-earners—'the coming proletariat'—and because, though it is only suggested, it repudiated rather than allied itself with the communal notions of the Diggers.

And what of 'Free-born John' Lilburne as a social reformer? Miss Gregg rightly maintains that the grievances growing out of his experiences were at the heart of his writings, but the grievances of Lilburne did not arise primarily from oppression at the hands of monopolists, tithe-gatherers, or excise collectors (though perhaps from prison wardens). They arose from what Lilburne regarded as offences against his civil liberty—the freedoms of speech and the press. In defence of these freedoms, which justly loom so large in the author's detailed volume, Lilburne was whipped at the cart's tale and twice put on trial for his life. There is a disparity between the Levellers, characterized chiefly as a social reform movement, and their leader, whose social grievances were closer to the periphery rather than the centre of his thought and action.

While Miss Gregg eschews the approach of Miss M. A. Gibb, the author of the only other full-length biography, in which Lilburne is portrayed as a 'Christian democrat', she does stress strong affinities between Independent Puritanism and the Leveller movement. She states that a covenant or contract such as the Agreement of the People was implicit in Puritan faith without finding evidence of church or theological covenants in Lilburne's own religious views. Manhood suffrage 'was inherent to Independent congregations', but she does not suggest how gathered communions of the saintly Elect could be transformed into a citizen democracy. The Levellers, in excluding some people from the suffrage, 'had not matched the unique importance of the individual which their religion taught with the value of each individual in politics', but she does not recognize the minimal role that the individual played in the puritan scheme of salvation.

Nevertheless, Miss Gregg realizes that there was much with which Lilburne could agree in the royalist and the Presbyterian. As J. N. Figgis pointed out a long time ago, their concepts of *jus divinum* were similar to the Leveller stress upon fundamental law—a legalism which it is difficult to find in the Independent emphasis on the Holy Spirit. Actually, some of the finest passages in this book

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deal with Lilburne's friendly relations with the Presbyterians and particularly the royalists, a good deal of it based on newly discovered material in the diary of Sir Lewis Dyve, a fellow prisoner in the Tower. 'The pursuit of principle', Miss Gregg wisely observes, 'makes strange bedfellows'.

The real merit of this book, then, lies in the

fresh insights into the man himself. The Lilburne we have known was proud, uncompromising, militant, and contumacious. He is still all of that, but now he emerges as a much more complicated and occasionally inconsistent man. A characteristic instance is his dispute over land with Sir Arthur Haselrig in which Lilburne acted to disinherit the very kind of

people for whom the Leveller movement presumably spoke. The skilful delineation of Lilburne's character is to a great extent the commendable result of the author's imaginative speculation whereby the evidence through exhaustive research is made to yield all that it will give.

LEO F. SOLT

New Novels

Devil of a State. By Anthony Burgess. Heinemann. 16s.

The Hard Life. By Flann O'Brien. Macgibbon and Kee. 15s.

The Day of the Tortoise. By H. E. Bates. Illustrated by Peter Farmer. Michael Joseph. 7s. 6d.

Cry My Spirit. By Kay Baker. Bodley Head. 13s. 6d.

THE BEST COMIC English fiction seems often to be upheld mainly by two dominant factors—the idea of the victim and the power of the ludicrous. In the early and 'middle period' novels of Evelyn Waugh, for example, we find characters such as Paul Pennyfeather and William Boot, men who seem to be innocent still centres yet also victims of an unjust or fatuous society. It is from the viewpoint of these semi-passive characters that Evelyn Waugh points the finger of ridicule at ambition, power, fashion, and pretension. It is only when his own obvious fascination with these things has entered too obtrusively into his fiction that his stories have failed.

Anthony Burgess has learnt a good deal from Evelyn Waugh: narrative pace, an eye for detail, wit, and a love of the absurd. He has not, however—and this may be an advantage to him as an original writer—taken over from Waugh the element of pure fantasy which we find in *Decline and Fall*, *Scoop*, and *Black Mischief*. Mr. Burgess's new novel is set in a fictitious East African caliphate called Dunia. Francis Lydgate, the chief character and comic butt, is a passport officer whose main concern is to dodge his two white wives and to find a house for his native mistress. As Mr. Burgess writes in a lengthy but witty parenthesis addressed to Lydgate—'Thou has known the joys of the wedded state, however briefly. Thou has seen the world and eaten of its strange fruits'.

This riotous novel ends when Lydgate is foiled in an attempt to escape from his second wife, mistress, and complicated professional life, and finds his first wife waiting for him, 'about sixty, thin, lined, very brown, dry hair, quite grey . . . fingers like bones'. It is a fitting end to a book which often succeeds in making the near sublime very nearly ridiculous.

Mr. Flann O'Brien has been praised by James Joyce and Graham Greene, and this is not surprising. His new book, *The Hard Life*, is terse, tight-lipped, outrageous and marvellously funny. Unlike some Irish writers, Mr. O'Brien is never garrulous; words or wit never run away with him. His novel is told in the first person by Finbarr, a young orphan who, with his older brother, Manus, is sent to live in Dublin with their half-uncle, Mr. Collopy. Mr. Collopy spends most of his time arguing about religion and drinking whisky with a Jesuit called, not accidentally I think, Father Fahrt. Manus proves to have astonishing ingenuity and business acumen even while still at school, and is soon making money by running, among other things, a correspondence course in tight-rope

walking. Finbarr, on the other hand, leads a quieter life and is content to admire his brother, attend a Christian Brothers school, and fall mildly in love with a girl called Penelope.

This short, brilliant novel reaches its climax when Mr. Collopy, accompanied by Father Fahrt, visits Rome in the hope that the Holy Father will cure a mysterious disease which he has contracted. The Pope is furious, Father Fahrt is dismissed from a papal audience with a severe reprimand, and poor, harmless Mr. Collopy dies after an accident in a Roman concert hall. Manus, meanwhile, becomes more and more successful as a business man in London.

Mr. O'Brien is certainly satirical about the Catholic Church, but his mockery is wily and oblique rather than openly scornful. His 'deadpan' manner and economical style help to make *The Hard Life* one of the funniest novels I have read this year. The characters Mr. O'Brien has created, and the Dublin where they live, are entirely convincing, mainly because the essential element of reason is never completely missing from the apparently fantastic plot.

Like the two books I have already discussed, H. E. Bates's new novella, *The Day of the Tortoise*, also contains the element of madness or at least of the slightly dotty. Fred Tomlinson is a middle-aged bachelor who devotes his whole life to his three sisters—Flossie, who plays bridge; Ella, who has a mild form of religious mania; and Aggie, who simply remains in her room and hauls her letters and everything else through her window in a basket. Fred is contented with his life until he meets a highly attractive girl called Kitty, who works in a dairy. Kitty is pregnant by another man, but Fred takes care of her by making a home for her in his own loft, and by bringing her delicious food and drink. He also falls in love with her, and is discovered one evening by his three sisters when he is carousing with Kitty and more than a little drunk. Retribution quickly follows; the sisters order Kitty to be dismissed. She, however, has already solved some of her own problems by going to the man she loves and leaving on a train for Plymouth. *The Day of the Tortoise* ends on a sad but inevitable note.

A tortoise, a cat, two budgerigars and a jackdaw all play their part in this curious but unquestionably moving book. There is a pastoral simplicity about the whole thing which catches and holds one's attention. Fred is an almost tragic character, and the odd world in which he moves by no means diminishes either his predicament or the reader's sympathy. Mr. Bates's story is brief and spare but it leaves an indelible

mark on the mind. In fact, I am beginning to believe that our best modern comic writing must not only be economical but also painstakingly careful about the smallest detail. Only if these elements are present are we prepared to accept the dottiest character and the most bizarre plot. One thinks, for example, of the Egyptian woman, in Evelyn Waugh's *Scoop*, who was going through the Customs 'cossetting an artificial baby stuffed with hashish', or the same author's Peter Beste-Chetwynd whose favourite reading-matter was *The Wind in the Willows* and Havelock Ellis.

There is, I think, something peculiarly English (and sometimes Irish) about all this—a desire to escape into fantasy and yet, at the same time, a wish to face up to all the horrors which beset us. There is also, of course, the element of pure fun and invention. Perhaps we are all more complicated than we think—or care to admit. Perhaps, too, our sturdy realism protects us from too much madness.

Cry My Spirit, by Kay Baker, is roughly divided between hilarious and sometimes poignant activities in a dress shop and the disturbing treatment which patients undergo in certain mental hospitals. Mrs. Baker, who writes in the first person thinly disguised as a woman called Sheena, has a vivid, fast-moving, colloquial style. Though we are told on the book's jacket that this novel was begun while the author was herself in a mental hospital, the general effect is one of astuteness, close observation, and objectivity. The dress shop, with its sadistic supervisor, 'Brimstone', is utterly convincing, often sad, and also extremely funny. Sheena, who has taken a job in the shop partly because she can never have a child, soon finds that her husband, John, is jealous of the time and energy which her job demands from her. Sheena finally discovers that altogether too much pressure is being put upon her and she has a nervous breakdown.

The second, and better, half of this book is devoted to a description of a mental hospital. Mrs. Baker gives us remarkable insight into the torments and distresses of mental sickness; for example, it is not easy to forget 'Mary Magdalene', the religious maniac, or Violetta, the large, kindly girl who suffers from periodic moods of extreme violence and aggression. Indeed, I think that the most extraordinary thing about this book is the way in which Mrs. Baker shows how much mental patients can help one another; it is not only the kindly day nurse or the doctors who heal these sick minds. At the same time, this is a genuine novel, an imaginative work of art, not a case-book.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

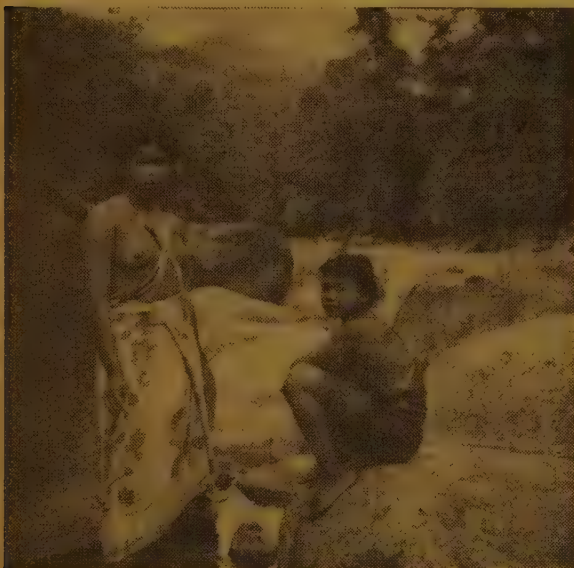
Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

A View on Books

INSTEAD OF ending the old and beginning the new year with homage or snooks to established programmes, such as 'Tonight', 'Panorama', 'Look', and the sturdy newcomer 'Adventure', I would like to examine the problem which has stirred the conscience of television planners for many years: 'What, if anything, can be done about books and authors?'

Let us face it. Most authors are not pretty: shy, lined, balding, long in the tooth and often short in the chin, they are less natural in front



Women of the Temiar tribe seen in 'The Lost Men of Malaya' in the series 'Adventure'

of the camera than the hedgehog or lesser grebe. Nor, if he writes well, is a writer likely to be a good talker. A good literary style is usually a compensation for a failure in eloquence. Against most good authors I would have placed in *Who's Who* an asterisk or dagger, meaning 'not suitable for television'. And their books, too, if they are good books, are equally intractable as television material. Otherwise they would have started (and ended) as television scripts.

Early in 1961 there was a move to make 'Bookstand' interesting viewing. It had disconcerting consequences. A dramatized sequence from William Cooper's *Scenes from Married Life* was far more amusing than the original novel. Good television had made bad criticism.

Scenes from the novel *Four Voices* by Isobel English, in a later programme, gave, in television terms, a very good impression of what that novel was like. This was perhaps because it had been in part rewritten by the author for the different medium.

Both these programmes, but especially the latter and to my mind better, were, I understand, subjected to criticism as being vulgar and a distortion of literary values. Perhaps they were. But they were fun to watch; and if the programme had been kept at that cosy Sunday-afternoon time it would have built up an audience not always for the best book of the week but for books of quality which were suitable to entertaining treatment. On that firm peg could have been hung other types of treatment, which I'll mention later.

Instead of that 'Bookstand' was moved from Sunday to no fixed abode in late-evening weekly viewing. Sometimes it's Wednesday, sometimes Tuesday, sometimes not at all. Over this movable (or removable) programme presides V. S. Pritchett. The programme begins with a genial canter in company with a couple of other trustees (usually from *The New Statesman* pen) over some familiar course, Graham Greene, Evelyn Waugh, Tolstoy, Kipling. It is the sort of talk which would seem stimulating, perhaps, after a good dinner with plenty of wine at the Savile (provided that one had eaten and drunk as much oneself), but is as unmemorable the next morning.

I am convinced that this formula could never succeed. If a television camera had penetrated the after-dinner talk of Lamb, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, it would still have been as boring to their contemporaries, if for example they had been forced to discourse on Byron or the Waverley novels. It's an unnatural attempt at naturalism. Visually we concentrate on

the faces of the speakers, and they become more important than what is said. It would be far better to have one or more people talking about Tolstoy, using visuals, moving or still, of Tolstoy and Yasnaya Polyana—or dramatizations of scenes from the novels to illustrate points.

The second element in the new formula is a short talk by a living author about a dead one. Michael Foot was superbly sustained on Hazlitt; Laurie Lee was less sustained on Defoe. I was carried by the former, because I am interested by the influence of Hazlitt on Michael Foot. (But if only Hazlitt had interested me I would have been bored by the visuals.) I was not carried by the latter, because I felt that Laurie Lee had just been paid to talk about



From 'Neighbours of China' on December 18: an Indian farmer (left) being shown round a modern Dairy Co-operative for the first time

an author and had chosen Defoe. In that case, I wanted visuals associated with Defoe; to see what he looked like, the London before the fire and afterwards—anything to get me away from Laurie Lee's face—a nice enough face, but his voice could carry his personality after the first ten seconds.

The final element has been the interview between critic and author. I am sure that this is a good formula (provided of course that the critic and the author give good performances). It could, if necessary, be expanded to make a whole programme, with an author of sufficient stature, using dramatized episodes, or biographical material. Because authors and critics speak more tersely to a script than extempore, the more cutaways the better.

Unable myself to keep any New Year resolutions, let me make some for the television planners if they want to solve the 'Bookstand' problem:

- (a) give 'Bookstand' a regular time preferably back on Sunday afternoon;
- (b) make the budget comparable to the 'Monitor' budget;
- (c) give the producer *carte blanche* to make it a programme that people want to look at as a programme, and not because they are bookish.

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL

DRAMA

End of Term Report

AFTER SIX MONTHS of faithful and mostly pleasurable attention to televised drama and other entertainments, I know that I ought to be able to map out a neat set of significant trends. My difficulty is that I remember good plays and notable individual performances easily and remember 'trends' only if they have been persistently annoying.

First generalization: plays new or old of quality and weight are rare. The machine eats them up and has not developed the habit of repeating them or establishing a repertory of its own best achievements. Second: the television



The four characters in the dramatized scenes from *Four Voices* by Isobel English, shown in 'Bookstand'

drama has yet to find a practical, organic length. The time needed by a dramatist in the theatre has to be cut down for reasons which I do not believe to be artistically valid. So potentially good plays are truncated or rushed through, and things which would do as one-acters or curtain-raisers are padded out or pulled thin. More flexibility in matters of time for drama should be a first priority in programme planning. I blame rigid time-tables (and competitive listening figures) for the lack of shape and unsteadiness of pace of the run of televised plays.

A new art form with visual, verbal, and temporal conventions of its own ought to be developing by now. Is it? Standards of acting seem to me to be going up steadily; camera work grows more efficient though less experimental; and enormous trouble is plainly being taken over sets, costumes, and the like. But unless a play has a beginning, a middle, and an end, and moves through its own kind of argument at its own proper pace, no amount of clever miming, neat recording, or industrious verisimilitude will keep it alive.

Let us skip the dramatic drought of high summer with only a faint grumble. There have been about a couple of plays a week since then (serials apart) and why they should happen on Fridays and Sundays mostly is a theme which I commend to sociologists in search of a thesis. In this half-year five plays have left an impression on an erratic memory. Three of them could roughly be labelled provincial realism—*Jack's Horrible Luck* by Henry Livings, *The Randy Dandy* by Stewart Love, and *Wet Fish* by John Arden. These do not make a trend, thanks be, and all of them were more about morals than customs, politics, or what goes on nowadays in factories, slums or other uncomfortable places. The two other outstanding plays are a strange pair—*Esther* by Saunders Lewis and *Waiting for Godot* by Samuel Beckett.

Series and serials have continued to prosper, somewhat to the detriment of plays proper. The most visible trend among them has been an increase in the number of heroes, villains, and pretty ladies who also happen to be scientists. Most habit-forming of them all has been the progression of Maigret stories adapted from Simenon. The vigour of the narrative and crowded life of the background of these tales can hardly be overpraised. British competition in the criminal field came very pleasantly in the series *Jacks and Knaves* which I hope may begin again and be carried on for longer next time.

Less consistent but certainly promising was a series called *Our Mr. Ambler*, in which the

wickedness arising out of insurance provided sound material. I have not taken greatly to serial comedy but the listening figures may well comfort its authors. The most satisfactory of them in the establishing of characters and with a bouncing farcical drive was *The Rag Trade*, which could well revive itself one day, as its people had settled down into our drawing rooms and become welcome. *It's a Square World* showed promise, particularly in its cartoons. I foresee a development in that kind of science fiction which can be 'continued in our next'. *A for Andromeda* was regarded by the experts as an exercise in 'softening us up'.

Pure entertainment—whatever that may be and whatever could be meant by purity in this context—has not seemed to me to flourish in regular shows. Even the benevolence of the season and the wish to say a good word for boys who have been at the school for years will not make me give



From *The Master Mind*, first in the series *Jacks and Knaves*: left to right, John Barrie as Detective Sergeant Tom Hitchin, Philip Stone as Sergeant Harry Frost, and Leonard Williams as Detective Constable Bert Hoyle



Waiting for Godot: left to right: Jack MacGowran as Vladimir, Felix Felton as Pozzo, Peter Woodthorpe as Estragon, and Timothy Bateson as Lucky

The presentation of Mr. Mort Sahl and its attendant ballyhoo can only be recalled as the mistake of the year, though there was much virtue in the man. Less overdone but far too long was our introduction to the sad gaiety of Shelley Berman. Our American cousins have ready-made prestige but if they are to travel successfully great care is needed in the packaging.

I have shamefully ignored many triers and several who ought to be among anyone's list of prizewinners. *Anna Karenina* and *The Rake's Progress* deserve at least a distant salute. But that is the way of end-of-term reports. Ungracious as it is, we shall have to settle for a general 'shows promise'.

FREDERICK LAWS

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Off the Spike

JOURNALISTS ARE fond of talking about the stories that never saw print but a curiously mistaken loyalty prevents many of them from telling stories not very unlike the one Louis MacNeice dramatized in his remarkable new radio play *Let's Go Yellow* (Third, December 19). The story involved a young reporter called Haman who, while working on the Diary column of a popular newspaper, uncovers a rather shady chemistry party. He is praised for his nosy acumen until the editor discovers that one of the chemistry players is the son of one of the paper's most important advertisers. Haman is told he is a young fool for not checking his chemistry player's identity, but being obstinate he determines to investigate the man more fully. He discovers that the rich man's son is a dope trafficker and when he has conclusive evidence he presents the story to his chief. The editor then decides to gamble his advertiser's pressure against the increase in circulation to be derived from the exclusive rights to the story. The paper prints the story and the advertiser, although hurt, offers to continue playing ball as long as Haman goes. Haman is sacked without more ado, and the story ends with him being interviewed by someone in the B.B.C. drama department who politely fobs him off when he offers to dramatize his experience. The piece is signed off with the urgent sound of a telephone ringing out, a sound that recalls the 'gate' on a piece of copy.

Mention of this one image conveys something



Scene from *The Rag Trade* with (second from left) Miriam Karlin as Paddy, self-styled shop steward of Fenner Fashions, Sheila Hancock (centre) as Carole, and Peter Jones as Mr. Fenner

of the originality that Mr. MacNeice employs in his treatment of the story. He was lucky in that he was able to produce it himself and he managed to keep the whole thing moving at a tremendous pace by some expert cutting. His mixing of the background sounds—at parties in particular: I have never heard better—was quite remarkable. He has an ear not only for the petty conversations of journalists talking shop but for the odd overlooked things like the way that drunks' voices always go up at the end of a song. But these are but the effects which contribute to this remorseless exposure of the amorality of the popular newspaper man, of the smug shell which covers the fleshy rottenness of the Yellow Press and its posture as the champion of free speech. Mr. MacNeice may never get a job on a popular newspaper but he has the sad nodding approval of many an ex-journalist.

Mr. MacNeice's fine burst of machine gun fire was a splendid antidote to the experience of listening to Terence Rattigan's *Variation on a Theme* (Home, December 18). Mr. Rattigan is a master of technique, and throughout this production by Norman Wright I kept being reminded of its theatrical tricks and chances for the actors on the stage. But technique is not enough and neither is a setting in the south of France was enough, and I had the sensation that Mr. Rattigan was still counting on this. The action begins with a mood of sympathy for a group of wholly worthless and uninteresting people enjoying the Riviera sun.

The crux of the play is whether Rose Fish, a pseudo-high-liver from Birmingham, shall give up her black marketeer tycoon for a ballet dancer turned gigolo. This very important question is relieved by the occasional appearances of Rose's daughter who is always asking Mummy if she can go swimming and of Rose's housekeeper, Hetty, who is darkly suspicious of the young ballet dancer's motives. After idling along for quite a time the play gathers momentum when Rose turns down her black marketeer and takes in the ballet dancer who has broken his ankle while spinning the swimming daughter. Though there has been no suggestion that we should disapprove of these characters or their behaviour a mood of self criticism sets in and before we know where we are Rose Fish is dying like La Dame aux Camellias and it is all terribly sad.

I own to having felt quite nauseated by this play; it represents to me a kind of obscene betrayal of a great talent and I was sorry that it should have been chosen to represent Mr. Rattigan's work in the 'From the Fifties' series. As an illustration of the kind of thing large numbers of people went to see in the 'fifties it is typical. But that is all.

I enjoyed much more Robin Midgley's production of Thackeray's *Dear Miss Prior* (Home, December 20) which was the name given to *Lovel the Widower* by Mollie Greenhalgh who adapted it. The story was a gentle one but it was not without Thackeray's watchful eye on the fate of brave but incautious young women in Victorian society. Dramatized, it seemed to have a faint hint of Chekhov about it—a thought for the scholars to play with.

Another thought for scholars is that there is a conversation between Queen Freydis and Manuel in James Branch Cabell's novel *Figures of Earth* (published in 1921) which anticipates Ionescine theories of drama. There is also a character in the book called Raymond Bérenger. My only fear, in throwing this item into the pool to cause what ripple it may, is that someone may think of adapting the book.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD



Springboards for Discussion

IN ROUGHLY 20,000 words, over a period of six months, I have had the opportunity to summarize the entire output of talks and features. Perhaps I have been drawn more to some and neglected others. I hope not. But during these last months of broadcasting, the talks and features have been of such a high standard and variety that I found it impossible to mention every one in a weekly column. I do congratulate the producers on their ability to devise and produce such talks, ranging from metaphysics to Picasso. All have been equally fascinating.

Is this constant high standard due to our national non-commercialism, or our determination to educate the masses via this medium? In Lionel Fielden's autobiography he deplores the present state of the Third Programme. Now although I enjoyed his book very much, I must disagree with him on this point. There is something for everyone and of a high quality. Surely one or the other, music, talks, plays, features, must satisfy Mr. Fielden? I have heard similar criticism from other quarters; I can only recommend them to take a trip to Spain and listen to the classical music which is constantly interrupted with advertisements for a certain type of detergent! I think we are exceptionally fortunate in the choice of programmes.

Many of these talks are springboards for endless discussion, such as Constantine FitzGibbon's 'Spain and the Political Spectrum' last July. Although *Life* magazine gave this subject enormous coverage last week, I am not saying it was due to Mr. FitzGibbon's erudite talk, merely that the B.B.C. are 'on the ball' as the Americans would say. I also liked the way in which certain programmes led gently into one another. Also in July on the Home Service, in a light entertaining talk, Mr. Raymond Baker gave us his impressions of modern Florence; on December 12 in the Home Service, a far more serious side of the same city during war-time was shown us in 'The Consul of Florence'. The listener had been introduced to Florence gently, almost lyrically, by Mr. Baker; later on he could take a stronger potion.

Horror films, although not a favourite of mine, were discussed in 'New Comment', when we heard Michael Carreras of Hammer Films, the makers of these popular horrors, discuss his work. Although a little chilling, he still did not entice me.

During 1961 the most poignant programme was 'Farewell to Hemingway'. It was tastefully done, yet alive. It deserved to be chosen as one of the best tributes ever paid to a modern writer. There was no 'gushing', merely friends missing a very great man.

It always appears to be the simplest talks that contain the brilliant and hard flashes—like John Davenport's essay on friendship last week, and Norman Mailer talking about himself. These are the times when one thanks God for the wireless! The unselfconscious broadcaster must be a rare find—certainly the two gentlemen I have just mentioned are unique. Perhaps next year we can hear more from them.

Art, literature, criticism, parenthood, war, politics—what more? In three weeks we touched on the work of Walter Pater, children and war, 'sick' humour, Henry James, Cuba, and Berlin. Looking back through the issues of *Radio Times* it seems impossible that the wireless has such a competitor as television. Or has this competition provided the essential stimulus to good broadcasting? I don't think we realize how pampered we really are! We switch on a knob and our evening's entertainment is there waiting for us. Going back over the six months, it is a little

difficult to make a coherent whole of such a mass of listening. One thinks of the people behind it all—technicians, producers, announcers, etc. In the theatre we applaud—at home, are they seriously given a thought?

MICHAEL SWAN

MUSIC



The Contemporary

NO ONE, faced with the vast panorama of musical history unfolded week by week on the radio, can be expected to embrace a view of more than a few mountain tops. Remembering such ranges in this panorama over the last six months, I should like to be able to say that contemporary music, the music written here and now, by composers around us, had advanced into the front plane. This would be a desirable state of affairs for it would mean that twentieth-century music, like that of earlier periods, had met contemporary aesthetic demands completely.

We can say nothing of the sort. Indeed, the estrangement between composer and public is something of a tragedy. Can one imagine that the contemporary creative effort will ever again be wholly sufficient? Probably not, nor should we wish it to be so. Perhaps it amounts to this: to the extent that we experience and absorb music from the past, our musical identity, the clear-cut, commanding contemporary image, becomes ill-defined. We cannot have it both ways. We cannot expect to be continuously nourished by the entire heritage of music and at the same time to achieve independence from it.

I do not wish to sound a pessimistic note, but it would be foolish not to see signs of uneasiness and anxiety in this situation for what they are. One of these signs is the readiness to proclaim greatness in certain contemporary figures. Of course we should all like to discover the 'great' composer—there is probably a psychological need to do so. But what if there isn't such a figure? I have a suspicion that the critical mind, alarmed at such a prospect, thereupon proceeds to create the great figure. If there isn't a benevolent father-figure among the musicians of our time we must invent one. This is a well-known process, and I do not think that the extravagant claims made for one composer or another over the last few years are wholly insincere. The trouble is that such reputations, originating, if I am right, from an element of despair, are noticeably short-lived. I can think of at least three composers, each proclaimed less than a decade ago to be the genius of our time, who are now very much under a cloud. Suddenly and unaccountably these towering figures have become 'old hat'.

Another anxious sign is the eclecticism of recent critical standards. Here again we cannot have it both ways. To the extent that the net is cast wider and wider, anticipating the electronic era at one end of the scale and plunging back at the other into the middle ages and beyond, we must sacrifice something in focus, we must be prepared for many blurred patches. Writing in the delicately poised eighteenth century a French critic declared that 'All styles are good except the boring style'. This is an admirable precept if you aspire to objectivity, but the price paid nowadays is bound to be heavy, and in any case, be it noted, the boring style is not included. Here I belong to the old school. A critic is not a critic at all unless in the new uncharted musical territories he can maintain some relative values.

I fancy there is nothing that we critics, as mere observers, can do about the problems of contemporary music, except to keep a cool head. Nor, I am afraid, can we hope to be effective on the sociological level. I refer to the gloomier

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depths of Light Music. 'Friday Night', proclaims *Radio Times* week after week, 'is Music Night'. Several times I have been tempted to take this bold pronouncement at its word. But I have lacked the courage to stay the course for more than a minute or two. I confess I am rather worried about this for it means that while we, reader, you and I, are arguing about the merits of a composer aspiring to the dizzy heights of the Third Programme, our fellow

listeners on Friday night would seem almost to belong to another planet. I cannot believe that such artificial partitions are natural, desirable, or in any way beneficial. Strata of varying cultivated standards of course there must be in any commodity. It is, however, arguable that music has never flourished unless on the primitive level there has been a vital, healthy sub-structure. Secular music formed this sub-structure at one time, at another folk music. Eventually the two

worlds merge, a new style is born, and the cycle starts afresh. Today we have no such sub-structure, or hardly, only an interminable outpouring of commercialized hits, pop numbers, and the rest. Are we looking too far? Certainly not. There is more reason for concern on this score than you would think, for the law governing musical evolution is like the law of currency: invariably it is the bad currency that invades the good.

EDWARD LOCKSPEISER

'Iolanthe' Reconsidered

By SIR JACK WESTRUP

The Sadler's Wells production of Sullivan's operetta will be broadcast in the Home Service at 7.25 p.m. on Monday, January 1



MOST OF US, if asked to explain the word *maravedi*, would have to look it up in a dictionary. Gilbertians will know better: or at least they will remember that it was dragged in as a rhyme for 'Faint heart never won fair lady'. Gilbert was constantly doing this kind of thing. It is ingenious, but it is ingenuity pushed to excess. The same is true of many of his allusions. Who was Captain Shaw? Again, Gilbertians will know. But the man in the street will be puzzled to see what he has to do with the lines:

On fire that glows
With heat intense
I turn the hose
Of common sense.

A fireman, no doubt—but why famous? A writer who makes allusions of this kind is always risking the danger that posterity will not understand them. But Gilbert can hardly have bothered much about posterity. It is not merely that his allusions are out of date: the whole flavour of his pieces is Victorian. His characters talk the language of the nineteenth-century stage. The jokes seem to have strayed from some faded volume of *Punch*. The puns are often atrocious.

Happily Bouncing Jingles

What did Sullivan find to stimulate him in this rag-bag of conventions? Most of all a lively sense of rhythm. Gilbert's verses are jingles, but they bounce along very happily. A less inventive composer would have been content to let them bounce. A dull dog could have made a very humdrum affair of this passage:

Strephon's a Member of Parliament!
Carries every Bill he chooses.
To his measures all assent—
Showing that fairies have their uses.

No doubt it is obvious enough that this will go in 6/8: but not everyone would have kept the rhythm of the opening line alert throughout the song, as Sullivan does. Given the composer's invention, this was not a difficult piece to set. But there are many places where Gilbert did not make things so easy. Take, for example, the ballad in which *Iolanthe* pleads for her son:

He loves! If in the bygone years
Thine eyes have ever shed
Tears—bitter unavailing tears,
For one untimely dead . . .

The sense requires that 'tears' should follow immediately after 'shed', but this is hardly possible with a simple rhythmical scheme. Sullivan does his best, but the result is not convincing: the tune sounds much better when

the clarinet plays it in the overture. He gets into further difficulties in the second verse. The rhythm which he has chosen for 'Thine eyes have ever shed' simply will not do for 'In some old cabinet'. To matters of this kind he could be curiously insensitive. The frequent examples of a happy marriage of words and music have blinded admirers to the numerous places where he did not take sufficient trouble.

Sullivan took a good deal of trouble over his comic operas: but he was hindered by ill health, was always working against time, and could be the victim of his own facility. Yet with all this there is no limit to his resourcefulness. He worked within a narrow range, but within that range he knew from experience how to make the right moves. No one seems to know where he acquired this experience. There is no sign of fumbling in *Trial by Jury*, the first of the Gilbert operas to survive complete; and even *Cox and Box*, written when he was twenty-five, is both assured and ingenious. 'The first of the Mendelssohn Scholars', wrote Bernard Shaw in 1890, 'stands convicted of ten godless mockeries of everything sacred to Goss and Bennett. They trained him to make Europe yawn; and he took advantage of their teaching to make London and New York laugh and whistle'. A good deal that Sullivan wrote would make anyone yawn, but not the Savoy operas. Occasionally a sentimental streak in the librettos betrays him into an imitation of the Victorian ballad—a style which he knew only too well. But the imitation is nearly always tasteful, and often it makes an effective foil to the high spirits that precede and follow it.

All this is done with a technical competence that none of his contemporaries could rival. The technique never advertises itself: the combination of two different melodies in an ensemble seems to occur quite naturally as the climax of the scene, and when the modulations are subtle, they occur so naturally that the ordinary listener never notices them at all. Take, for instance, the Lord Chancellor's song 'When I went to the Bar' in the first act of *Iolanthe*. It begins innocently in C major, moves in an orthodox manner into G major, and from there a little unexpectedly into E minor, and is on the point of cadencing in this key when the music skips nimbly back to the tonic key. And on top of all this is the simple but effective device of making the soloist sing in 6/8 time above a rum-tum-tum accompaniment in 2/4.

It has been pointed out by Mr. Gervase Hughes in a recent book on Sullivan how successful he was in characterizing the various groups with which he had to deal. This is certainly true in general. The recipe may be the

same, but there are subtle differences of treatment. The young ladies of *The Pirates of Penzance* are quite distinct from the *contadine* of *The Gondoliers*. In *Iolanthe* he had to face a different problem. The ladies of the chorus are fairies, but of fairyland we have only one genuine glimpse—the magical opening of the overture. Sullivan's fairies flit about prettily, but their music hardly ever leaves the ground. He was much happier with the peers and Private Willis. The problem which Gilbert offered might well have defeated a less inventive composer. It exploits a vein of fantasy which exists nowhere else in the Savoy operas. Fairyland was not new to Gilbert: it was the subject of his comedy *The Palace of Truth*, written in 1870. And having himself been called to the Bar at the age of twenty-seven he knew all about the law: *Trial by Jury* is an excellent mockery of court procedure. But in *Iolanthe* the law is satirized only in the person of the Lord Chancellor: it is the House of Lords that is the chief butt for humour, as the police force is in *The Pirates of Penzance* and the Royal Navy in *H.M.S. Pinafore*.

It was this kind of robust comedy, together with the pathos of damsels in distress, that most attracted Sullivan. His lords are splendid characters, most of all when they break into the infectious waltz rhythm of 'He who shies at such a prize'. These are real human beings, and inevitably not only Strephon, who is half a fairy, but the fairies themselves come to be treated as human beings too. The Queen of the Fairies is like a formidable headmistress, and is quite rightly addressed as 'madam' by the Lord Chancellor in one of Sullivan's most effective ensembles. By the time we come to the final chorus of Act I, where the music triumphs over a particularly silly text, the fairies and the peers belong to the same family, though they express widely different sentiments.

Ingenious Moments, Innocent Charm

I cannot feel that *Iolanthe* is the best of Sullivan's operas, and for that the librettist must take part of the blame. But it has many ingenious moments—for instance, the *fugato* which introduces the Lord Chancellor—and a kind of innocent charm that can easily persuade one to ignore its shortcomings. Above all, it has an overture which no one need be ashamed to perform in the concert room—less artfully integrated than the overture to *The Yeomen of the Guard* but scored and executed with a lightness of touch that many composers of serious music might envy. Here, and in *The Yeomen*, Sullivan wrote something that deserves more from the audience than a subdued chatter.



Pies and Flans for Informal Parties

By ALISON BALFOUR



NOT LONG AGO I made a selection of pies and flans, all served hot with mulled wine, for a small skating party. This kind of food and drink would be equally good after any energetic outdoor exercise. In the following recipes the quantities are for four people.

Egg and Bacon Flan: For the pastry you will need:

- 6 oz. of flour
- 1½ oz. of lard
- 1½ oz. of butter
- 1 egg yolk
- a little water
- salt

Rub the fat into the flour, mix to a firm dough with the egg yolk and about 1 tablespoon of water. Roll out and line an 8-inch flan ring. Bake the pastry in a hot oven for about 20 minutes.

While the pastry is baking, make the filling. For this you will need:

- 2 eggs
- ½ pint of milk
- 4 oz. of bacon
- 1 small onion
- ½ oz. of butter
- seasoning

Chop the onion very finely and fry in the butter until golden brown, add the bacon, de-rinded, and chopped into 2-inch pieces. Fry till tender but not crisp. In a bowl, whisk the eggs, milk, salt, and pepper. Put the onion and bacon in

the bottom of the flan, pour in the egg mixture, and bake in a moderate oven for 30 minutes.

Cheese and Mushroom Flan: You will need:

- 4 oz. of shortcrust pastry
- 2 eggs
- 3 oz. of grated Cheddar cheese
- 2 oz. of lean bacon, cooked, and chopped up small
- 6 oz. of lightly fried button mushrooms
- ½ pint of milk
- salt and pepper

Make the pastry, and bake it blind. Beat the eggs in a bowl, slice in the lightly fried mushrooms, bacon, milk, 2 ounces of the cheese, salt and pepper. Mix well, and pour into the flan ring. Sprinkle the last ounce of cheese on the top and bake in a moderate oven for 20 to 30 minutes.

Shropshire Fodget Pie is a very old English recipe. You will need:

- 8 oz. of shortcrust pastry
- 1 lb. of potatoes
- ½ lb. of pork sausage meat
- 2 cooking apples
- 4 oz. of chopped onions
- a little water
- one beaten egg
- salt and pepper

Line your pie dish with some of the pastry, leaving enough to make the lid. Now peel and slice the potatoes and apples, break the sausage meat into small pieces, season well, mix together, and turn into the pastry case. Add two table-spoons of water. Put on the pastry lid, brush

with the beaten egg, and bake in a hot oven for about 50 minutes.

Tomato Pie requires very little short pastry—just enough for a lid to the pie dish. The filling consists of:

- 1 lb. of tomatoes
- 4 oz. of breadcrumbs
- 1 small onion
- 1 oz. of butter
- 1 egg
- ½ gill of milk
- the grated rind of 1 lemon
- a sprinkling of grated nutmeg
- 2 tablespoons of parsley
- 1 teaspoon of plain flour
- salt and pepper

In a large basin mix the finely chopped onion, breadcrumbs, chopped parsley, grated lemon rind, flour, and seasonings together. Heat the milk, and melt the butter in it. Stir in the beaten egg. Skin the tomatoes and cut into slices. In the bottom of a greased pie dish place a layer of tomatoes. Pour the milk mixture into the dry mixture, stir well, and add to the pie dish, mixing the layers with tomatoes, ending with tomatoes. Put the short pastry on top, and bake in a moderate oven for about 30 minutes or until the crust is cooked.

At my party I served an old-fashioned claret punch. You will need:

- 1 pint of claret
- ½ pint of rum
- ½ lb. of lump sugar
- 1 pint of boiling water
- 2 lemons

Rub the sugar cubes against the lemon rind so that they become lemony. Then put all the sugar with the claret and rum into a saucepan and boil, stirring until the sugar has melted. Add the water, and the juice of the lemons. Serve hot, in warm glasses.

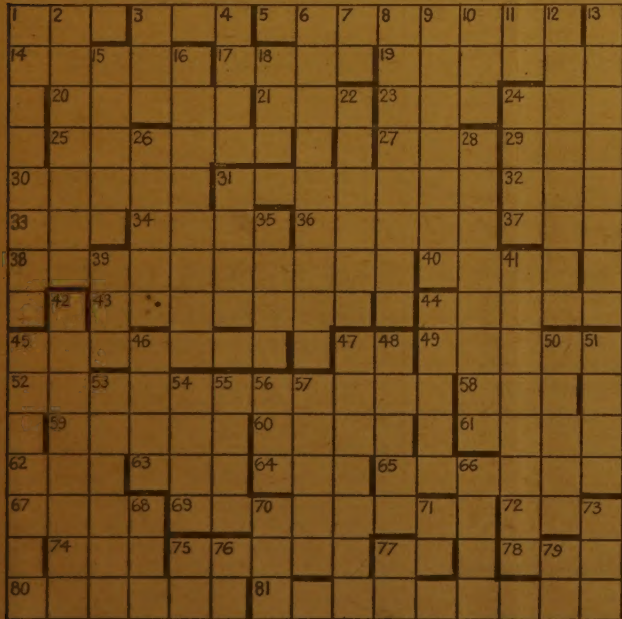
Crossword No. 1,648

Poetaster.

By Babs

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 35s., 25s., and 21s. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, January 4. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



These seven poems were recently discovered among the papers of an unknown writer, whose chief characteristics are discernible as a fondness for literary allusion and trite quotation, and an increasingly grotesque idea of the nature of rhyme and stress. (A = across; D = down.)

Advertisement

'Blue dusk' (to 59A (5) 75D (2)) is gone for aye.
75A (5) to 66D (4)'s heavenly cloths (see Yeats).
40A (4) 16D (8) signs, now making 78A (3).
'Put light for darkness', 77A (2) 19A (6) states.

On a Drunken Sailor, Buried beneath the Cargo

77A (2), in the Middle 24D (4), the death of 61A (4).
The 34A (4) of Kish, was hushed in 9D (7). So was no 54D (4) in the press at all.
About 39D (3) Bottle's sad demise? 63A (3), one!
Sticky his 64A (3), embedded in 15D (5). Bound from Peru, and found 1A (3) Positano.
Some busy 68D (3), some sedulous 29A (3) must say so (Bad 31D (4) to him!) and earn a mingy 55D (4).
46D (4), 39D (3) 58A (3), you wretched reporter! Let 71D (2) recall how human 'tis to 24A (3).

Good Recovery

In Gaul, when Caesar arrived from 67A (4), '69A (4), vici', said he.
He drank a 18D (3), ('11D (2), Jack, taste that!')
Of 34A + 36A (2, 7) (heady).
'Festina 57D (5); apples in plenty
1A + 3A (6), the initial 17A (4).
I 7D (2) fond of a drop, but I'll get to the 37A (3).
For civis Romanus 3D (3)'.

Theramenes

The Attic 41D (8) wiped his 73D (3).
And swallowed his hemlock 31A (7).
'Here's 79D (2) 64A (3)', he said, 'to 74A (3) and 23A (3);
I'm 1A (3) to my ultimate 50D (5)'.

Helen

In 36A (5)'s fashionable 35D (4) 32A (3) drives, That 25A (6) 27A (3), amid the gay 47D (7).
On 80A (6) 56D (3) so 65A (6) dead, 32A (3) lives
To tell the tale to 51D (4) 28D (8).

Ariadne

62A (3) love is 1D (8); I have been 22D (6).
My 49A (5) deceived, I find myself 43A (7).
One 10D (3) makes not 79D (2) 52A (11);
His words are 4D (4), his pledges a 2D (7).

Tragedy

A tragedy of ancient 6D (9),
Acted long years 33A (3) with rare 45A (7),
20A (5) translated by some 38A (10),
Now gives the radio critic a 5A (8).
Like nothing seen 44D (5), each in 8D (8),
Nurse is 79D (2) 44A (5) cat, Phaedra 47A (2) belle 42D (8).
Theseus a 76D (2) Fell or 48D (5) 69A (8),
Hippolytus a 70D (3)-wit, dim and 14A (5).
He scours the 53D (6), in a 30A (5) spies
A three-told 77D (2), breaks a 72A (3)-spring, dies.
At this, perhaps, some Greek 81A (9),
26D (5) from Limbo, ear to 12D (8),
Will 21A (3) herself in classic 45D (7)
And smash the 3A (3), with all its cheap 13D (8).

Solution of No. 1,646

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ENEATERIAIROLON
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NOTE

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